



A SAUNTER  
THROUGH KENT  
WITH  
PEN and PENCIL

VOL. XXIV.

By Charles Igglesden



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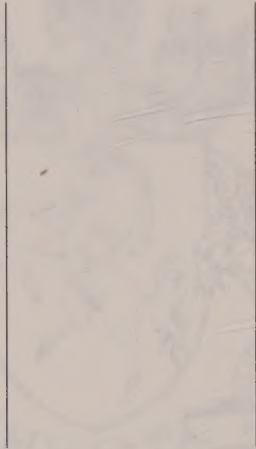
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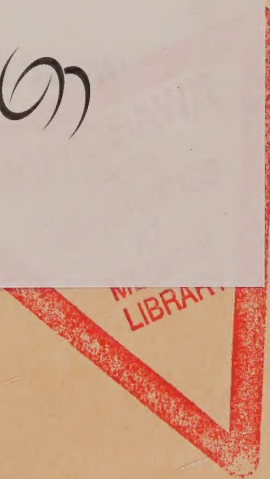


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# A Saunter Through Kent

With Pen and Pencil.

By CHARLES IGGLESDEN, F.S.A.

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## PREFACE TO THE TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME

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This Volume starts with a brief history of Hythe—brief because the ancient Cinque Port is enriched with such a vast amount of national, as well as local, associations that much space could be given to the subject. Next is Newington, one of those tiny hamlets that lie just off the beaten track of travellers. Borden and Tunstall stand on the outskirts of Watling Street in the north-east district of Kent, and amid cherry orchards and rich pastures are found superb specimens of Tudor houses, black and white and heavily timbered. Newenden is the most famous of the villages mentioned in this volume, for it stands on the site of the great city of Anderida, erected by the Romans after they had vanquished the Britons on the banks of the River Rother, the boundary of Kent and Sussex in the Wealden district.

CHARLES IGGLESDEN.

*October 1st, 1930.*

*Ashford, Kent.*



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Hythe 120 Years Ago. The Same View To-day. Almshouses  
and Stairway to Church. Old Smugglers' House. Norman  
Doorway Outside North Transept. The Lady Chapel. Corner  
of Leper House. Masons' Marks. The Canal. The Mill.  
A Bit of Old Hythe. A Hythe Shop 100 Years Ago. A Hythe  
Byway.

### NEWINGTON-NEXT-HYTHER.

Church and Street. Frogholt. Beachborough in Olden Days.

### BORDEN.

Hearts Delight. Harman's Corner. Borden Hall. The  
Church and Street. A Corner at Street Farm.

### TUNSTALL.

The Church. Hales House. Tunstall House. At Grove End.

### NEWENDEN.

Church and Village. Castle Toll in Winter Time. The Font.  
At The Old Harbour Master's House.

### ON COVER.

A Kentish Homestead.





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ALMSHOUSES & STAIRWAY TO CHURCH



OLD  
SMUGGLERS  
HOUSE



NORMAN DOORWAY  
OUTSIDE NORTH TRANSEPT



THE LADY CHAPEL



## HYTHE

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O TOWN has passed through so many vicissitudes as Hythe. For several centuries it alternately rose and sank in importance, at times suffering ordeals that would have broken the hearts of any other than Englishmen and Men of Kent. Lying at a point vulnerable to attack from the Continent, it went through invasion, pillage and slaughter. Once, if not twice, it was burned to the ground; the plague swept away the people by the hundred; an earthquake followed. What a catalogue of past misfortunes, out of which has arisen a charming and peaceful seaside resort!

We go back to the days of the Roman invasion, when it was a mere village lying by a strip of beach washed by the English Channel. Then it became a famous port with a harbour, but the sea receded and left it dry. However, it had reached the importance of being one of the Cinque Ports, but during the years that followed it was given over to fire and sword. Years of adventure went by. Hythe remained a quiet little place until its people realised that its delightful aspect, its wonderful beach and its healthiness were worth while developing. A promenade was made at the side of the beach, and when the railway was built more roads were made, the wings of the town opened out towards the hills and to the east and to the west, and to-day it glories in being one of the most charming seaside resorts and residential towns in England. Years ago it was described as the filthiest and most immoral town in Kent. To-day it is an example of cleanliness and spruceness, while its morals are, let us suppose, about the same as those of other places.

At the time of the Roman invasion the sea came up to the hills under Lympne, and there the invaders built a harbour. But these

men of the South had not reckoned with the vagaries of the English Channel, which even to-day recedes in some places and advances in others. In the north of the county it tears down unprotected cliffs; in the south-east, along the coast near Hythe and Dungeness, the waters have fallen and left the land quite dry.

First of all the Romans moved to West Hythe when they found Lympne untenable, but after they had left these shores and the Saxons had taken possession West Hythe also became dry, and the large town fell into ruins—the old church walls alone are left to tell the tale—and a harbour was built two miles further eastward, and Hythe itself blossomed forth into a port of distinction.

Subsequently many exciting events occurred. In the year 456 the Britons, after having been smitten by the Saxons for many years, formed themselves into an immense army and drove the Saxons back towards the sea. Here at Hythe a bloody battle was fought, and the Kentish men are said to have won. Later on, in 853, the Danes landed at Hythe, marched inland and devastated the country as far away as Canterbury, which they sacked and burned, but the end of their piratical expedition came when King Ethelwolf gathered together a big army and drove them back to the coast. Here ensued one of the mightiest combats ever known, and it is recorded that no less than 30,000 warriors of both sides lay in heaps on the spot where Hythe now stands. Scarcely a Dane escaped.

Two hundred years went by, and in 1052 Earl Godwin and his sons, all of whom had been banished from England, collected a fleet of ships and fell upon the Kentish coast. He and his men landed at Hythe, destroyed all the ships that lay in the harbour, and the inhabitants were put to the sword by the hundred. Next, in 1295, the French selected the coastline of unlucky Hythe for an attack. This spot had always been considered vulnerable, as the wonderful beach allowed the easy landing of the old-fashioned ships. An Englishman named Sir Thomas de Tuberville had been taken prisoner by the French, but he was released and sent back to England upon the understanding that he would act as a spy and help in a French landing on the English coast. He was to give the signal for the time of landing, but an old English writer tells us that the foreigners, failing to see the signal, at the wrong hour came towards the land in their five galleys, one of which struck the shore and landed 240 men. "Seeing this, the English, who were the



chosen guardians of that place, pretended to take flight, and by the counsel of their leaders drew off that the enemy might land with more hardihood. Then they fled, followed by the others, but quickly turning their faces the others as suddenly turned their backs, and they were all slain to the number of 240 men and their ship was burnt. Which seeing the other four galleys drew off to the main fleet, for they could be seen by our men."

A great calamity befel the town during the reign of Henry the Fourth, when a fire broke out in the old wooden houses, two hundred of which were burned down, while at the same time five ships which lay in the harbour were caught in a gale and sunk, and the old records state that a hundred sailors were drowned.

About this time came the plague to Hythe. The exact date is unknown, for we only have the authority of Leland, the oldest Kent historian who lived in the sixteenth century. So confusedly did he write about Hythe that antiquaries of to-day state that he could never have visited the place—not a crime, surely, when we consider the size of Kent and the difficulty of travel in his day, which would preclude any man visiting every spot he wrote about. The same weakness in the writings of later historians than Leland existed. Anyway, there is much confusion, for whereas some historians have only traced one big fire, Leland's records could make two. That there was only one is the more probable, and the pestilence either came before or followed it. What we do know is that, owing to the ravages of the plague, the remaining inhabitants of Hythe desired to desert the place—to go right away and form a township elsewhere. But royal permission had to be obtained, as, being one of the Cinque Ports, it was the duty of the town to provide a certain number of ships and men for the defence of the coast. The heart of Henry the Fourth was touched, for we read that he offered to release them of their obligations for a certain period if they would stay at home and rebuild their houses. This was an act of generosity, for it was an expensive matter to provide and maintain the vessels in a navigable state, and the men of Hythe who waited upon the King as a deputation returned to the town rejoicing.

Later on, Queen Elizabeth helped with a substantial grant when the Hythe mariners and townsfolk were struggling to maintain their harbour. It was of no avail, however. The sea receded and the

beach encroached, and Hythe no longer could boast of being a Channel port. It was Queen Elizabeth, too, who granted the town its charter.

I now come to the earthquake on Wednesday in Easter week, 1580, when many houses suffered great damage and the bells in the steeple rang with the vibration. What is described as another earthquake occurred on April 24th, 1739, when the church tower fell. There is no indication of any damage to other buildings, and the rest of the fabric remained intact, and that which historians describe as an earthquake may have been a subsidence of the land directly under the foundations of the tower. I mention this theory because in the year 1893 there was a great landslide close by at Sandgate, and it was then proved that the formation of the strata of the earth on the slopes of the hill would account for the landslide. And Hythe is within a couple of miles.

The calamity at Sandgate is worth recording. It occurred at half-past seven one Saturday evening in March, 1893, when the residents heard a rumbling noise, while the walls of many houses began to crack. Terror-stricken, the people rushed into the street, and, fearful of returning to their homes for the night, were taken into Folkestone and Hythe by the hundred. No less than seventy houses were seriously damaged. At the subsequent enquiry it was stated upon expert authority that it was not an earthquake but a subsidence of the land on the hillside overlooking the shore. The action of the water and a peculiar formation of the subsoil were the factors by which the disaster was brought about. This is a description given in the *Kentish Express* of March 11th, 1893:—

“The scene in the street was indescribable, and the utmost anxiety and apprehension reigned. In many cases people at once commenced to remove their goods from their wrecked homes, and piles of household effects were everywhere to be seen. The appalling effects of the disaster could not be fully ascertained until Sunday morning. Then a scene of desolation and destruction was presented which baffles description. There were great fissures in the walls of substantially-built houses, sides were bulging out, windows were gone, doors were off, roofs had fallen in—everywhere there were abundant evidences of the terrific effects of the subsidence. In the roadways and in the promenade cracks frequently occurred, paving stones were forced up in all directions, and the great force exerted by the weight of the slipping earth was shown by the ‘buckling up’ of some of the



groynes which run down the shore from the sea wall. The drains, water mains and gas pipes in the disturbed area were, of course, greatly affected. Steps were promptly taken to re-establish these services in working order, but for some time considerable inconvenience was caused."

Leland, the Kent historian, tells us that there were four churches in Hythe. They must have included the present parish church, the one at West Hythe—now in ruins. Another was St. Michael's, erected halfway between West Hythe and Hythe, on the slope of a hill above the canal on what is now a farm belonging to Mr. Chittenden. When the pastures are dry signs of early foundations can be discerned in a field known as St. Michael's Ash. The right side of Barrack Hill, just above the School of Musketry, was the site of another church, as many human bones have been dug up there, indicating a graveyard. The fourth stood in the borders of the parish of Newington, just north of Seabrook road, and here skulls have been dug up. Leland also mentions the existence of an abbey, but neither in material nor in records can this assertion be substantiated. Efforts have been made to trace the site, but without success.

The church, not only from its architectural features but from its prominent position, is attractive, and you can reach it by many ways leading up to the slope upon which it stands. Out of the High Street are two narrow entrances to the precincts, one by the side of the Town Hall and under an archway, and the other up many flights of stone steps. The view of the latter narrow way reminds one of a Continental or Cornish street. As you mount the ascent you pass the old almshouses at the corner, built solidly of Kentish ragstone, and opposite is a tall wall with petrified oyster shells here and there, and supported by brick buttresses, their lower part being of the Tudor period. Amongst the more modern houses, all small and standing one above the other, are a few of greater age—one a stone-built little dwelling and two others with the old-fashioned bow—not bay—windows of long ago, with curved panes of glass. Owing to the rise in the ground, the front doors of the houses are approached by steps.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital—an almshouse for nearly six hundred years—was founded in the first place at Saltwood by Homo of Rochester, who was born at Hythe. For some unexplained reason it was removed to Hythe in 1336. No trace of the old building and not

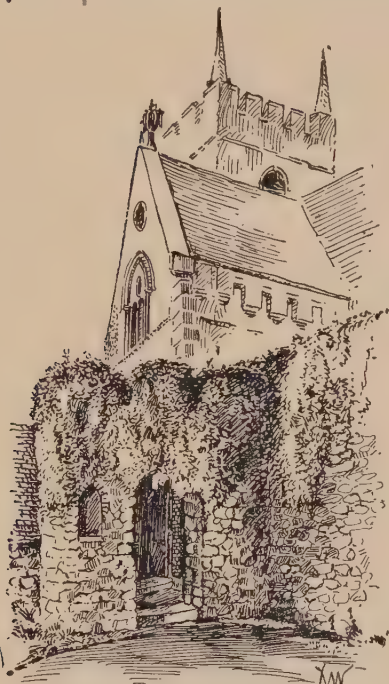
even its site can be seen at Saltwood, and it is probable that the whole of the material was transferred to Hythe. It is an almshouse for five poor men and eight women, each of whom receives free lodging and £22 a year. The original hospital appears to have been smaller, and at the extreme corner a junction with an additional wing on each side is apparent in the walls, which are of Kentish rag. An old entrance to cellars is closed up, and the inmates now enter by ascending stone steps. Lead lights have been retained in the modern window frames. Just outside the corner of the building is a large battered stone standing out prominently, but what it is no one definitely knows. It has been suggested that it may be a Roman milestone or a mediæval mounting stone. The latter is the more probable solution, as Church Hill was once the main entrance to Hythe from the inland. Within the memory of old inhabitants pack horses came down this narrow road, and a picturesque sight it must have been. But the steps have been erected since that time.

The Hill continues up and up, past the terraced roads on the slope till it loses itself on the summit of the hill. Along the slopes of this hill once grew grapes in the open, for there were vineyards in Hythe and at other places in Kent—at Leeds, Folkestone, Tong, Chart Sutton, Little Chart, Canterbury, Chislet, Halling, Snodland, Barming, Tonbridge and Faversham.

Two terraced roads, more like wide passages, run parallel with the High Street, with residences of various sizes and styles of architecture. The upper one passes close under the church wall, and here we find a red-brick building of the Queen Anne period, recently called the Manor House. Adjoining is the more modern Vicarage. There are other houses, many with ancient walls and foundations. We see stone walls everywhere, forming passages, enclosing tiny gardens, the stone having been quarried in the hills close by. Generally, it retains its solidity, but here and there is crumbling, and in places a coping of red brick has been placed on the summits of the walls, but even these bricks show signs of decay and rough usage. Truly, this spot is a charming relic of centuries ago.

One small house, known as Avenue Cottage, is built of stone, and at the corner of the garden nearest the entrance to the church is a gateway, its upper part covered in ivy. But, by tearing down the tendrils of the plant whose roots must have grown there hundreds of years, it was discovered that the gateway was an entrance to an old religious building. Within the gateway and on either side is an

original niche in which a holy figure would have stood, conclusive evidence that here stood a religious house connected with the church. Ancient bricks, set lengthwise, form an arch to each of the niches. Is it the remains of the old Abbey that Leland tells us stood at Hythe many years ago? The author of "Picturesque Beauties of Great Britain," writing in 1830, says that the mysterious abbey stood just outside the west side of the cross-aisle. Or was it the leper



CORNER OF LEPER HOUSE

house, also mentioned by Leland, "given by a gentleman who was himself a leper"? If you follow the high wall which surrounds the domains of this little corner house and encloses the grounds of the adjoining modern residence known as The Priory, you will notice what superb examples of mediæval masonry they are. Where an entrance has recently been made the jambs of an ancient doorway can be seen, while on the eastern side of the wall is a blocked-up doorway, as well as a window. All this points to the existence of an ancient building having stood within these tall and massive walls. Again I ask, taking into consideration the present corner archway I have already described, "Did the leper house stand here?"

The mythical Abbey of Hythe must be discarded. Had an Abbey stood in Hythe there must have been some reference to it in the archives at Canterbury.

Halfway up the hill, with its precincts buttressed by thick-set stone walls, stands the church of St. Leonard, in many ways a treasure to antiquarians. Going back to its origin, we can assume, with the average degree of certainty, that about the year 1100 the first church was erected by the Normans—it must be remembered that it took many years to build a church, a fact so frequently forgotten when wiseacres commit themselves to naming a specific



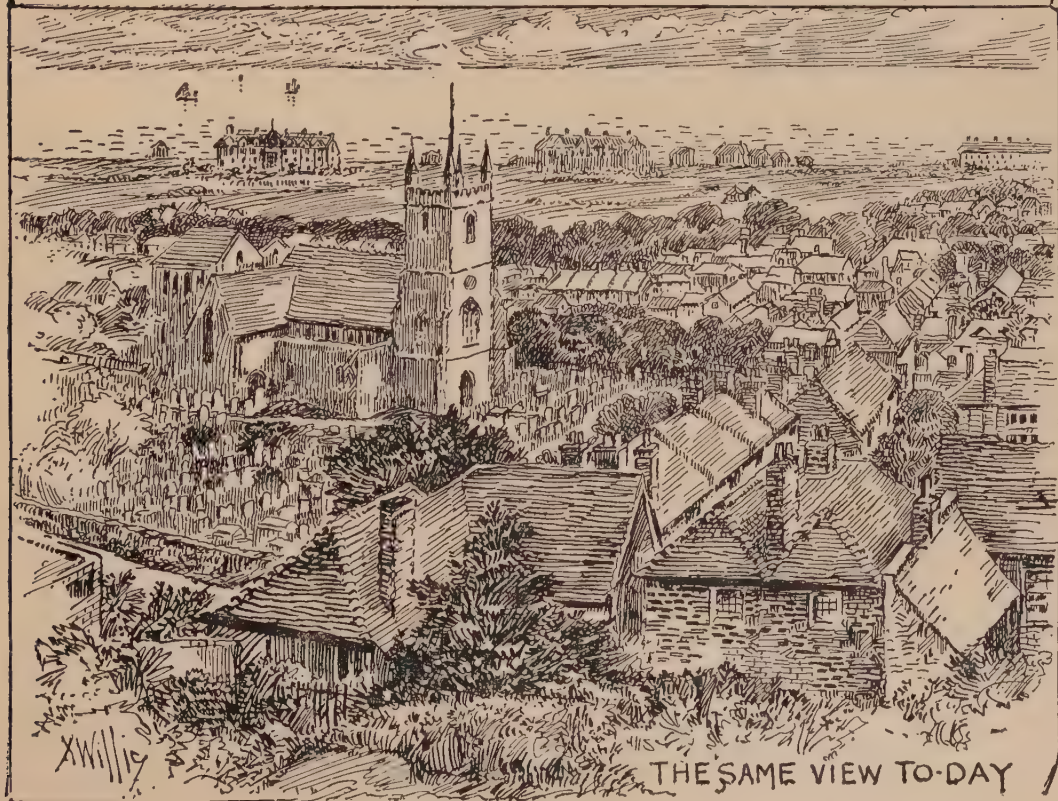
date—and this edifice consisted of a part of the present nave and a short chancel, the ordinary type of an Early Norman church. The outer walls on the north and south were in a line with the present arcades. Nothing is left of the wall in the south, but in the north can be seen remains of Norman windows. Not many years passed—perhaps fifty—before transepts and aisles were added, during the Late Norman period. In the thirteenth century—about 1220—the present superb chancel was built. Following the development of the church, we take a leap of only a few years—about another fifty—and we find that the aisles of the nave were rebuilt and their pitch heightened, while the present Decorated windows took the places of the Norman ones. Then, in 1739, the tower fell and lay a ruin for several years, but after a time a new one was erected on the same spot—the only new portion of the grand old church, and it looks it. Restoration on a large scale was carried out at the close of the last century, not always with happy results. This is the past history of the church of St. Leonard's.

A stroll along the terrace close to the wall impresses you with the imposing appearance of the church and its similarity to a fortified citadel—it has been suggested that these towering walls, solid, and in places twelve feet high, were erected for defensive purposes in time of invasion, as well as to prevent the sloping land from sliding down. At the south-east corner these walls rise to a great height; it is at the other corner that you get a glimpse of the stone-decked graveyard, the roadway above running across the slope, and the rows of conifers on the summit of the hill, their deep green tints merging into the sky-blue horizon. In the foreground, sheltering you as you look upwards, is a row of ilex trees growing out of the footpath and reminding you of bits of Rome.

Strolling through the churchyard, and standing on higher ground, you look down upon another scene—the church at your feet showing the distinctive periods of architecture through which it passed—and how new the town appears!—the Early English lancets of the chancel, aisle and transept, and the Decorated windows towards the west, one quite new and the other with its tracery crumbling with age. You notice the castellated roof of the square tower and its four corner pinnacles, somewhat small and insignificant, and, rising out of the centre of the whole structure, a choice little turret tower shaped like the letter D, but from a distance appearing to be circular. It is surmounted by a conical roof, reminding us of the nose-cap of a big shell.



HYTHE 120 YEARS AGO



THE SAME VIEW TO-DAY





Coming down towards the church you discover one of its treasures in the form of a Norman doorway that leads to the north transept. It lies snug in a corner, with a blocked-up window close by in the wall, with remains of its mullions still showing. The doorway has the customary mouldings of the period, with chevron ornamentation, but its great feature consists of the capitals of the columns, artistically carved. By the side of the comparatively modern western doorway of the tower are three of the corbels of the original structure, the large head above being particularly hideous. Another interesting aspect of the church is to be obtained by standing in the south-east corner when you have ascended the passage past the Town Hall, mounted the steps and then walked away from the porch towards the left. The roofs are noticeable for their high pitch and the flat side walls of the chancel—plain walls that are totally unsympathetic with the rest of the church. But, in contrast, is the double-decked porch and parts of the masonry covered in ivy. Heavily buttressed is the chancel, indicative of the peril which has always threatened the building on the slope of the hill and a possibility of a landslide. An opening has been made in each of these buttresses to allow of processions to pass through them. It has been stated that this passage was simply made to make it easier to pass from south to north than by the ambulatory, but there is no substantial proof for this conjecture.

And the mention of a Processional way reminds us of a remarkable doorway below the south side of the chancel. This fine doorway, approached by descending steps, has large and bold mouldings, and is the entrance to a passage built under the chancel, the exit from which was through a doorway on the north side. This northern doorway is plainer than the other one, and would be used as the exit to the passage. It was entirely lost to view until recently, when a huge bank of soil was removed and the doorway disclosed. It is in this passage that we find the collection of skulls. The reason for the making of this passage is generally accepted—that when the chancel was extended it blocked the way for processions to pass by the eastern side, and, to overcome the obstruction, this Processional Path was built. At the same time, the architect realised that the two entrances, approached by steps, would add to the beauty of the whole building. This crypt was built in the thirteenth century, and is devoid of architectural beauty beyond the groined vaulting.

Why and when were the skulls and bones of two thousand human beings placed in this crypt? No one knows. And because no record can be found as conclusive evidence, it naturally follows that conjecture has been allowed to run riot. Old Kent historians have tried to solve the problem, and absurd suggestions have been made—that they are the remains of warriors killed in the great conflict in 853 when the Danes landed and thousands were slain, or that they are skulls of Hythe men, women and children who were put to death by Earl Godwin in 1052. But, alas! for all these surmises, the crypt was not then in existence, and the only argument to be adduced to explain away this discrepancy is that the bones were collected centuries afterwards and placed here. I think it quite possible that the pestilence during the reign of Edward the Second may have accounted for the death of two thousand people, and, perhaps buried lightly in a haphazard way, their remains were subsequently dug up and placed in the sides of the crypt, allowing sufficient space in the centre for the Procession to pass. This is one of many theories, just as likely to be right or wrong as any other.

To-day we see these mounds of bones closely packed as they have been for centuries, but the best preserved skulls were selected in later years and placed upon shelves. Here you see them—the skulls of men, women and children who lived and died centuries ago, a wonderful study for anatomist, phrenologist and dentist, for the teeth are there. And the long tresses of hair, faded in colour perhaps, but otherwise just as they must have fallen from the skulls of dead girls. Ghastly, you will say. They are resting in consecrated ground, it is true, but exposed to the gaze of all. And the sight of it all brings in a goodly income for the church—ten thousand sixpences a year!

Experts tell us that practically all of these people died a natural death—not from violence—and this fact explodes the theory that they died in battle. Besides, many are the skulls of women and children. The teeth are in excellent condition, showing that our ancestors, eating only natural foods, did not suffer from toothache as we do to-day; just as savage tribes are immune. Judging from the length of the thigh bones, the expert also tells us that the English race of seven or eight hundred years ago was shorter than that of to-day, the men averaging 5 feet 5½ inches in stature and the women 5 feet.

The porch—the main entrance to St. Leonard's—is square, capacious, with a parvise above, and was erected during the thirteenth century. The original deeply-splayed window is filled with coloured glass, and on a plate we are told that the porch was restored in 1863 by the Rev. Tatton Brockman, of Beechborough, while the steps, taking the place of very old ones, were the gift of William Glanville, M.P. for Hythe in 1729, and he also gave the present large door. There are two side entrances to the porch. The chamber above, approached from the outside by stone steps, is historical, and has been used for several purposes, including the original idea as a priest's room and once as a school, but the most important use to which it was adapted was when it became the Council Chamber of Hythe. Here His Worship the Mayor was duly elected. How long the Town Council transacted business there we do not know, but it is recorded that when the Town Hall was erected in 1794 the meetings were, naturally, transferred to that building. Many ancient municipal books and documents are kept in glass cases in the old parvise, and public meetings are held in the room, which can easily hold thirty or forty persons. Of the two windows, one is modern, but the other old and deeply splayed. A circular peep-hole in the wall, through which the priest of old could look down into the nave and chancel, has been filled with glass. It is interesting to know that a fine pair of iron gates which once gave entrance to Hythe church are now in London. It appears that a member of the Deedes family presented them to the church, but when alterations were made Mrs. Herbert Deedes came into possession of them and erected them at her residence in Victoria Park, Bethnal Green, a house of the Charles II. period. In the grounds stands a beautiful sundial which adorned the lawn of Saltwood Castle.

Enter the church, turn right and left and you are bewildered. Can it be the same building, plain and ugly at one end, majestically beautiful at the other? To appreciate it all you must stand in the centre of the nave, and in the west you see a blank wall entirely covering in the tower. Then turn to the east, and one of the most beautiful Early English examples of a chancel faces you—the chancel which took the place of the Norman structure supposed to have been apsidal in shape. Above several flights of steps and standing on an eminence is the altar, with a reredos sculptured in white marble, a panel representing the entombment of Christ, whose body is lying at length and tended by two women and a man, with an angel



drawing away a curtain on either side. The reredos was presented by the Rev. Claud Brown, one time curate of Hythe, to the memory of his wife. The only objection is that the reredos hides the lower part of the beautiful triplet window above—tall and slender, each surmounted by beautiful mouldings and filled with coloured glass of the deepest tone. On both sides of the chancel are wide arches leading into the narrow aisles, of which you get a glimpse. Above is the open gallery, and still higher the clerestory, shedding a bright light across the great expanse. The groined ceiling, although modern, carries out the intended design of the original architect, for he left us the springs ready to support the vaulting which was not carried out until centuries after—during the restoration of 1887. High-pitched, with columns, arches and windows all in perfect proportion, elegant but not too ornate—such is the chancel to-day.

To appreciate all its beauty you can spend much time in close examination. The impressive arches leading from the chancel into its aisles have rich mouldings, ornamented with dog-tooth carving, while the columns are shafted and clustered, some of Purbeck and others of Bethersden marble. By the side of the altar are a double sedilia and piscina, with bold mouldings and of exquisite design. The south transept is approached from the nave aisle through a choice Norman arch, the only bit of the Norman interior left. Then comes a superb Early English arch leading from the south transept into the Lady Chapel, with elegant moulding and supported by dark marble pillars, similar to those within the chancel.

The north aisle of the chancel is entered from the transept by a skewed doorway of later date. These two narrow aisles of the chancel are different in many ways, principally from an artistic point of view. Both are lighted by lancets, three of those in the south resting within arches of elegant design, the cusplings with dog-tooth decoration. This was the Lady Chapel, and a bracket on one side of the east window probably supported a figure of the Virgin Mary, while a flat stone on the other side supported a figure of St. John. In this aisle is a fourteenth century piscina and an aumbry of the same date. The windows in the north chancel are plainer, and it is possible that the architect either died during the building of the chancel or suffered from lack of funds or the sympathy of those in high places.

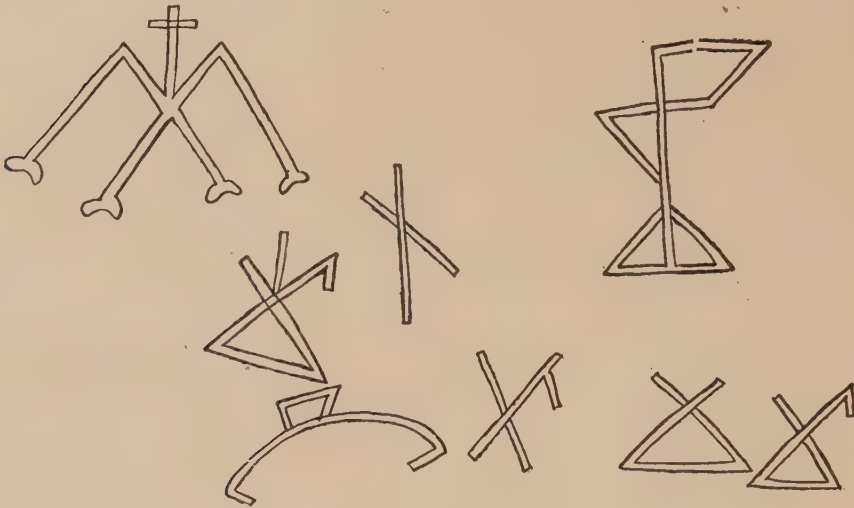
The nave and its aisles lack ornamentation, and, as I have already said, this fact accentuates the impressiveness of the cathedral-like

chancel. It must have been worse before an ugly and heavy gallery was removed. The arcades between it and the aisles consist of four bays, and above them are clerestories. The southern arcade is slightly older than the northern one, and the pillars are of Caen stone. Very crude are those in the north, roughly built in odd style and of Kentish rag. During one of the restorations the architect did not improve the appearance of these columns when he painted the interstices black. The mullions of ancient windows can be seen above the arcade, showing that this was the original outer wall. On the south arcade pillars are very indistinct traces that several frescoes existed. The War Memorial is of marble, the list of names on its face being surmounted by small metal figures of cavalrymen standing by their chargers. The chancel arch is immense but plain; the tower arch was destroyed when the tower—which was of a fortified character—fell, and a simple plain doorway has taken its place. The stairs of the old central turret were once used as an entrance to the rood-loft, and to-day, by mounting them, you reach the gallery around the chancel. The door by which the rood-loft was entered from the turret is to be seen above the pulpit. The south transept is the Deedes Chapel, and was rebuilt by a member of that family in 1751. The windows and the many mural tablets are all to the memory of the Deedes, with their coat-of-arms, enamelled in colours, surmounting them. The font is of the fourteenth century.

In the north transept can be seen a fourteenth century canopied tomb, a thirteenth century piscina and aumbry, and a tilting helmet which belonged to Captain John Ward, who fought in the Battle of the Spurs. It was in the north transept that the ancient Bailiff of Hythe held his court until Queen Elizabeth granted a charter and the Mayor was privileged to use the parvise.

The church possesses some remarkable masons' marks and other cuttings in the stonework. Inside one of the pillars supporting the Norman archway leading from the south aisle to the south transept there is one stone containing no less than eight distinct masons' marks. This is very exceptional. During the Norman period, and even later, it was customary for the mason when working in the quarries to cut his mark on the stone when complete, so that on delivery at the site of a building his work could be identified and he could receive payment. For it must be remembered that there was no writing in those days, and a man could not send in his

account in figures. Sometimes you will see two or even three marks on the surface of one stone, but I do not know of any other instance in the country where there are eight as in Hythe. On one of the pillars of the south arcade is a cutting to represent a ship, the stern facing us. Unfortunately, the restorers of the church, in their great endeavours to produce a smooth surface to the masonry, scraped it away to such an extent that they have almost obliterated the design.



This, I might point out, is not an ordinary mason's mark, but one of those cuttings of various designs—some of religious symbols and some, no doubt, placed there as a supplication for spiritual help by soldiers and sailors. Thus we have the Crusaders' mark, ordinary devotional marks in the shape of a cross, while by the sea the mariner made his plea for protection in the form of a cutting in his church. This ship may have been scratched in the pillar of St. Leonard's Church previous to the embarkation of the sailors who manned the Cinque Ports' fleet against an approaching enemy.

There are many stained glass windows, nearly all of them being of the Early English lancet shape, and here we find the names of many well-known people of the district, whose memory is thus preserved — Wildash, Denne, Brandreth, Haliday, Dalison, Hildyard, Twopenny, Mackeson, Valentine, Lukin, Muir, Cobb,



Mount, Watkin and Finnis. Lionel Lukin introduced the first lifeboat in England. The choir stalls, erected at the close of the last century, are in memory of H. B. Mackeson, while the modern pulpit, ornate in brilliant mosaic work, was erected to the memory of two brothers—Major-General W. J. King and Lieutenant-General R. T. King. The coloured windows in the south transept recall the prominence of the Deedes family in Hythe and Saltwood for many generations.

The mural tablets contain the following names:—Paine, Brampton, Hamilton, Finnis, Talbot, Goodridge, Turner, Amos, Hart, Rutton, Hakewell, Rose, Neve, Longly, Reid, Man, Mrs. Dale (erected by the children and teachers of St. Leonard's schools), Baldwin, Frampton, Ninnes, Colley, Winnifrith and Mackeson, all of the Mackeson memorials being in the south chancel aisle. Others are to the memory of the local troop of Boy Scouts who fell in the Great War and to Captain Valentin, V.C. There is also the wooden cross—or, rather, the remains of it—originally erected on the grave of Second Lieutenant R. A. Hildyard at Maricourt, where he fell during the Great War.

The church has only two brasses, and these merely contain inscriptions, with no effigies. Both have been placed on the wall of the south aisle. One is that of Henry Estday, gentleman, who lived at Saltwood and died in 1610; the other of John Bridgman, who died in 1581, bears an inscription showing that he was the last Bailiff and the first Mayor:—

“Whylst he did live which here doth lie,  
 three sutes gatt of Ye Crowne,  
 The mortmaine, fayer, and mayralltie,  
 for Heythe, this auntient towne,  
 And was him self the Baylye last,  
 and Mayer fyrste by name,  
 Though he be gone, tyme is not paste  
 to preayse God for ye same.”

An ancient iron chest, on which were painted a landscape and flowers, dates from the sixteenth century and is reputed to have come from the wreck of a part of the Spanish Armada. There are three different keys and two padlocks. The lock turns no less than eleven bolts.

In the churchyard is the following piscatorial inscription on a tombstone :—

“ His net old fisher George long drew,  
 Shoals upon shoals he caught;  
 Till Death came hauling for his due,  
 And made poor George his draught.  
 Death fishes on through various shapes,  
 In vain it is to fret;  
 Nor fish nor fisherman escapes  
 Death's all-enclosing net.”

Owing to recent restoration, the peal of bells in the tower may be said to be new in character. It is interesting to recall the fact that there were originally ten bells, but the tones of two were drowned by the others when the peal was rung. Recasting took place, but later on — two years ago, in fact — it was found that the fifth bell was cracked, and this had to be repaired. Going back to the original bells, we find that there were two dated 1861. Thomas Mears supplied others in 1802, but earlier still in 1720 John Waylott produced five of the first peal. All of these were either recast or subsequently discarded, and the present bells are now the survivors. It is interesting to know that sixty years ago Hythe was noted for its ringers, amongst whom was John Friend, a campanologist so well-known that he was invited to ring in the belfry of St. Paul's Cathedral on special occasions.

Hythe revels in a glorious background to its frontage by the sea. The hills are not simply plain hillocks, but a small range studded with trees, and even on the summit of the golf links they stand in groups. How these good folk of Hythe must love trees! Those who live in the streets have not a yard of space, but those who have built villas on the slopes lovingly cultivate every foot of ground, and out of the flower beds rise shrubs and trees of all sorts.

The Military Canal passes through the town, and from the hills above you see it running from its beginning at Seabrook away towards West Hythe and Romney Marsh—a glistening ribbon flanked by trees on either side. When this Canal was built as a means of defence in case of invasion by Napoleon, and also for the secret passage of troops from Shorncliffe as far as Appledore, trees were planted generally, but at Hythe they took special care to plant elms, which now tower high and shelter the pathways at the side,

This is a great feature of Hythe, lawns and flower beds giving the promenade a charming effect, while dozens of boats and canoes are rowed up and down in summer time. The vicinity of the Canal is quite modern, for this part of the land was reclaimed for building purposes in recent years. Then there is the avenue leading from the



Canal to the sea front, an avenue sheltering a pathway known as the Ladies' Walk; no one knows why. The trees are wyth elms, and they have struggled bravely against the salt air of the sea. They bear a dwarfed appearance, with gnarled branches everywhere. But these good folk of Hythe, in their love of foliage, are mightily proud of the wyth elms that adorn the Ladies' Walk.

Nestling as it does on the level plain, you get glimpses of the old town from various spots—from the windows of houses on the terraced roads on the northern slopes and from the summit of the hills. You see so many of the old-world roofs below and the shingle and the sea in the distance. But perhaps the most glorious view is the one you obtain when entering the place by what is known as Hythe Hill, on the Ashford road. It might be a town in the Riviera that you see just below you, the Downs being miniatures of the Alpes Maritimes.

There are many villas dotted about, but you only get a glimpse of their walls through a wealth of trees growing greener than they do in the South of France. As you go down the hill, woodland fringes one side of the road and across the way is undulating meadow land, where earthwork fortifications lurked centuries ago and are still visible owing to the peculiar formation of the ground.



Straight in front of you is the Channel, sparkling in the sun, and you get a glimpse of the snow-white surf lapping the beach when the weather is fine, and lashing it with fury when the gales blow strong. And outside the bay, which extends from Dungeness to Folkestone cliffs, are the mighty ocean liners or the Channel boats, and, closer in, the fishing smacks trawling for fish not a mile out.

Looking down at the lower part of Hythe, a flat piece of land extending from the foot of the hills, across the canal, the many modern buildings that flank South Road and the parade and so out to the edge of the beach, it is easy to visualise, in imagination, how far the sea must have receded. Not so many years ago, as time flies, the waves would dash against the foot of the hills at the back of the town just as they do at the present time against the cliffs between Dover and St. Margaret's Bay, for in those days the whole of the flat country, including Romney Marsh, was a part of the Channel. Presently, as we know, Lympne was left high and dry, but the sea came up nearly as far as the spot which is now the High Street of Hythe, and at its edge the original town was built. A natural harbour was formed by a belt of sandbank and mud out at sea, and a big strip of water, extending a mile towards Sandgate and a quarter of a mile wide, became a haven. Water covered all the level land seaward of the town. Then, by degrees, this harbour became silted up and the sea receded, the land was reclaimed during the last century, and to-day, on the site of the old harbour, we find a wide promenade, grassland used as cricket and recreation grounds, many houses with gardens, quite fertile where soil abounds, but there is not much of it seaward of the Canal. Yet through tons of beach flowers grow plentifully, thanks to the mud of the old harbour underground. The large garden at Oaklands, belonging to Dr. Randall Davis, is a case in point. Looking at the large green lawn and surrounding flower beds, you can scarcely realise that just below the surface is a mass of beach; but the explanation is that in many places there are also stratas of mud of considerable depth, and Dr. Davis has a theory that a wide and powerful river once flowed through this bit of land and deposited soil on the seashore, as fast-running rivers will always do.

Two streams still run through Hythe, one from Newington and the other from Saltwood, while springs rise out of the ground in the churchyard. One of these streams is harnessed by a water-mill lying snug behind the town. Beyond it are the hills of Saltwood and the

golf links, and in between them trickles a narrow stream, but with water of the purest. It tunnels the high road leading to the railway station, and then, flanked on one side by a row of willows and on the other side by sloping gardens, it broadens out into a lagoon-like mill-head. Down rushes the water and turns a water-wheel for the grinding of corn. Many centuries ago a mill stood here, but the



one you see to-day—built of brick and weather-boarding and hip-roofed at one spot—cannot be more than two hundred years old. As an ancient sentinel of the past, however, there stands the hollowed trunk of what was once a monarch tree, now in its death throes, enveloped with ivy as its shroud.

But let us go back to the harbour during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the port existed and there were two landing

places in the harbour, one called the Stade and one the Haven. We have Stade Street to-day, and it was probably the extreme western end of the harbour. Hasted tells us that there was a modern bridge at each end of the street. This would have been before the canal was made. The harbour, which was finally blocked up in 1634, must have been an important one in many ways, for here landed the European pilgrims on their way to the shrine of Thomas a' Beckett at Canterbury. As one of the Cinque Ports, Hythe contributed five vessels, and each would be manned by armed sailors as well as marines. Can't you imagine the tense anxiety with which this old town heard of the approach of the Spanish Armada? The hurry and scurry on other occasions, of threatened invasion by a French fleet—all the able-bodied men hurrying to the ships in harbour, the distracted women and children hiding in their houses or, far more likely, seeking refuge in the wooded hills behind. For rape and capture, and grim murder, as well as pillage, were rife in those days, when no town with a seaboard was safe day or night.

Fishing was always the main industry of Hythe, and, judging from the records of the period, the inhabitants were a dirty lot. It is

described in old records as "a place of streets full of filth and garbage," and, in addition, "the most immoral of the Cinque Ports." Later on, the streets became cleaner, but there was a continuance of immorality owing to the presence of so many soldiers in the locality.

There is still a road known as Barrack Hill, close to the School of Musketry, and on its slopes barracks were once built and enlarged during the Crimean War, and here was quartered the Foreign Legion, a company of soldiers recruited from the scum of many European countries. Close by were erected mud huts for wives and children! The Waggon Train Barracks stood on the triangular piece of ground south of the Canal, between the Duke's Head and Scanlon Bridge, and they were demolished in 1839. In Stade Street is a row of little houses, built of stone and whitewashed—all that remains of the old barracks. For these were used as officers' quarters. And even to-day they give a picturesque touch to a street which is otherwise little villadom, for front gardens, decked with old-world flowers, run down to the road, and even the old wooden palings refuse to leave us and give place to the formal fences of to-day.

Adjoining the barrack cottages in Stade Street is a quaint, solid, stone building, with a gabled front on which is carved the date 1801, with the first figure of peculiar design. It was the military gaol, but is now used as a mortuary, and here the bodies of wrecked sailors have frequently lain. For the bit of Channel off Hythe and Sandgate has always been a treacherous spot, especially to small sailing vessels at the mercy of a south-westerly gale. And at such times the parade on the sea front has badly suffered.



On three occasions the sea broke through the defences—one a hundred years ago and twice in 1877. It appears that one of the inundations took place in January and the other — the more serious one—on February 3rd. They were the result of tremendous gales and the heavy seas which battered the whole of the coast of Kent, but Hythe and Seabrook suffered the most. In the first instance huge waves forced their way over the beach, but in the second case



the inundation occurred in a remarkable way. Gaining from previous experience, the authorities had banked up the beach in front of the promenade during a terrific gale, and this barricade withstood all attacks during the day. In the evening the wind dropped, the sea became calm, all fear of danger was dispelled, and the inhabitants went to rest feeling perfectly secure. In a report published by the *Kentish Express*, we gather that at midnight the sea rose gradually and so gently that scarcely anyone was aware that it was flowing over the banks of the beach and flooding hundreds of acres between Hythe and Seabrook. By the time morning broke all communication was cut off from the Marine Parade at Hythe, and persons were ferried across from Stade Street, which was flooded to a great depth, while all the basements were full of water. The houses on the parade suffered in a similar degree. The sea had come in from a breach in front of the Seabrook Estate Company's land and also through the west channel adjoining the Stade. However, the water did not flow over the Canal bank, and, consequently, it was confined to the land on the south side of the towing-path. Eventually it was decided to make a gap in the towing-path to let the water into the Canal, and this prevented the High Street from being flooded.

Going back to the position of Hythe as a military town, apart from the old barracks on the hill, now demolished, the present Small Arms School has for many years been a prominent feature of a soldier's training. Indeed, there is no infantry officer in the British Army who does not know Hythe, as for many years every officer and many non-commissioned officers received their musketry training here. To-day, owing to the change in weapons of war, it is styled the Small Arms School, but it was erected in 1802 as permanent barracks for troops, and they dug the Military Canal from Seabrook to Appledore. Afterwards the Royal Staff Corps was formed, but this was disbanded, and among the troops who subsequently occupied the building was a detachment of the 29th Foot, the transport in which they were conveyed being wrecked at Dymchurch in May, 1842. Thirteen years afterwards, on August 7th, 1853, the Corps of Instructors in Musketry was inaugurated, and Hythe became its headquarters, and up to the present time it has been occupied by a staff of experts to instruct officers and non-commissioned officers in the use of the rifle and machine-gun. In 1861 it was named the School of Musketry. The ranges are on the beach flanking the Dymchurch road.

There is no doubt about the antiquity of Hythe when you approach its High Street, rounding a corner that is so dangerous that it becomes perfectly safe, for not even a drunken driver would think of quickly turning at right angles with the stone wall of the old malt house facing him. From one end of the street to the other it is narrow and winding, and the most sanguine advocate of broadening it would give up the task in despair. Not only are the principal houses and shops packed close together, but by-streets run out towards the sea, backing each other and forming a mass of buildings. And on the northern side are strange little alleys, passages leading to the terraced roads above; passages between walls of ancient stonework—always that wondrous material hewn from the famous stone quarries on the hill.

It is not so very long ago when Hythe High Street presented an old-world appearance, but the shopkeeper has come into his own and built palatial premises, while the banks, not knowing what else to do with their money, have erected handsome modern offices. Then there are the tradesmen who, with the desire of being up-to-date, have had the fronts of shops modernised by the building of a flat, tall wall obscuring the sloping roofs and hiding many an end beam which projected over the narrow footway not more than fifty years ago. Flat fronts are everywhere, for even the Red Lion, very red indeed, and standing in a large square at the bottom of the hill, is modernised in this way, although it cannot hide the older part of the structure in the background.

I can remember the street before the days of flat fronts, when the projecting beams were still visible. To-day they have nearly all disappeared, although if you uncased the fascia of the Rose and Crown you would find them still there, and in many places besides. Another hostelry is the Oak Inn in the High Street, with a quaint front and hipped roof, with wondrous carved figures of the lion and unicorn.

What is most remarkable is the medley of buildings, so different in size, in colouring, in the material of which they are built, and the style of architecture, and cosy indeed look those tiny structures standing snug between the bigger ones on either side. The block that looks the oldest and brings to mind the appearance of the street fifty or sixty years ago extends from the corner of Marine Walk Street to the business premises of a dyer and nearly opposite the Town Hall. You see the sloping roofs running into each other as they did in olden days.

More modest are many of the buildings towards the Seabrook end of the street, and the King's Head did not always boast of its pretentious front which we see to-day. Not far away are three cottages standing rather lonely and apparently out of place with the surrounding commercial enterprises.

Just across the road is a large building, now converted into a shop, apparently old. Not long ago an ancient building which stood here was pulled to pieces, and it was found necessary to erect a new front, but much of the interior timber, and even some of the projecting beams, have been preserved. Not far from the



A HYTHE SHOP - 100 YEARS AGO.  
NOW A WINE MERCHANT'S SHOP.

Congregational Church is the second ancient almshouse of Hythe, St. John's, built at the same time as St. Bartholomew's. The date which you can see, 1802, records the year in which it was restored. The almshouses themselves, which are for the accommodation of old people, are modestly built in stone, and run back a very short distance.

Here and there you see the Flemish style of architecture in the hipped roof, and one of these houses is at the corner of Theatre Street, once a private house but now converted into two shops below. The other is nearly opposite Bank Street, with an ordinary dormer projecting from an extraordinary roof, and now appropriately used as an artists' material emporium. When some tea-rooms in the High



Street were opened up recently several superb beams were found, and no doubt other similar discoveries would be made in many roofs. The shop now occupied by Mr. Britcher and known as the Bon Marché must have been an important residence years ago, judging from the interior decoration. A short time since a beautiful oak carved Jacobean mantelpiece was taken from one of the rooms and sold to America, but there still remains some good panelling and Adam decorative work.

Other buildings which were once private residences have been converted into business premises, and you find them in all places. For instance, the conspicuous flat front of the fishmonger's shop belonging to Mr. E. W. Fullager hides an ancient building with old-fashioned dormers projecting from the tall, sloping roof. Appropriately called Propeller House is a building now used for business purposes but once a private residence, and here was born Sir Francis Pettit Smith in the year 1808. It was he who invented the steam screw propeller. He died in 1874, but his memory is kept green in the town of his birth, for an inscription on a stone in front of the house records his fame.

Two well-groomed buildings, with flat red-brick fronts, are the two important hostelryes—the Swan and the White Hart—standing not far from each other in the middle of the High Street. On a stone let into the front of the Swan it is stated: "From London Bridge, 71 miles by Rochester. From Ashford, 12 miles." Royalty visited this hostelry on more than one occasion a hundred years ago, and Mine Host supplied thirty pairs of post-horses when the King of Prussia visited the town in 1814. Later on, the Empress of Russia



stayed here, and the bedroom she occupied can still be seen. The White Hart, next to the Town Hall, was in the sixteenth century a famous coaching house, and the Town Hall was actually built on the site of the yard. The old stables and coach houses are preserved, as well as the ostler's bell and an old jack used for lifting the wheels of the coaches. The front of the White Hart is of comparative modern times, dating probably to the Georgian period, when so many houses in Hythe were re-fronted.

The two most picturesque buildings which survived past centuries until a short time ago were a school and a tiny building known as the Smugglers' Retreat. The former, which stood on the spot which is now an open yard between an antique shop and a milliner's shop in the High Street, had two very fine gables over the projecting storey, but it was pulled down about eighty years ago. The Smugglers' Retreat was a small building, no bigger than a cottage, heavily covered in ivy which ran up to the top of a small chimney and enclosed a look-out dormer window in the centre of the roof. Tradition has it that smugglers occupied the house and from the window signalled to their comrades at sea, but I fear me that this can be only tradition, for the window is in a very prominent position and well within the sight of Excisemen as well as smugglers. A few years ago an endeavour was made to restore the old place, but immediately the builders commenced to look at the beams their frailty showed that reconstruction, or even restoration, was impossible. To the sorrow of the Hythe people, their little treasure had to come down, and we now see the large business premises of Mr. Strachan erected on the site. The only known hiding-place of the former smugglers is a cellar under a modern shop and known as The Smugglers' Kitchen.

Early in the 19th century smuggling was at its height, but there is no record of Hythe being concerned in any of the tragedies of the day. Yet the old houses of the place were known to be infested with dealers in contraband, and one night a party of Revenue officers raided the town. In one cellar, we are told, "six barrels of Hollands were discovered, but the occupant of the house said he knew nothing about it. Two men were arrested and placed in a room under the Town Hall, but they escaped," and the man in charge of the prison that night was discharged the next day. Later, members of the Aldington gang were brought to Hythe when captured, but it was considered wiser to transfer them to Maidstone for safer custody.

Standing in the centre of the High Street is the Town Hall, which was rebuilt in 1794 on the same site as an older one which had been erected during Charles the Second's reign. It cannot in any way be described as a beautiful building. Its yellowish plastered front is supported by four plain stone columns, and the only other feature is the projecting clock with the arms of the borough painted upon the drum-like frame. Not so many years ago the open space below the Council Chamber was used as a corn market every Thursday, but it was discontinued and a general market for vegetables introduced, while flower-stalls gave a patch of colour, and the business carried on made the place bright and merry, even if noisy.

In the "Kentish Gazette" of March, 1805, it is related how one of the labourers working on the Military Canal, having quarrelled with his wife, brought her with a cord round her neck to Hythe, where he tied her to a post in the market-place and put her up for sale. The big drummer of the 4th Foot, a mulatto, bought her and led her away. "She was not more than twenty years of age," adds the writer, "and of a likely figure."

Nothing could exceed the dinginess of the entrance to the Council Chamber to-day. Even the steps by which you mount into the Council Chamber have been enclosed in boarding, and one can almost imagine that the mayors and aldermen and councillors of the borough are creeping in by a back door to carry on their deliberations above. Or it might be the entrance to a mausoleum. There is a quaint inscription on a stone in the wall of the passage that leads to the church and passes under the Town Hall:—"All Persons are requested to unite their endeavours to keep this Place clean and to prevent Boys or others dirting the same."

The Council Chamber above is a plain apartment when compared with similar rooms in other town halls, and at one end is the raised chair in which one would have expected the Mayor always to sit, but I am told that this is not the case, for the only official who occupies this high position is the Recorder during police proceedings. Above the chair is the horn which was used in years gone by to call burgesses together. There is also the framed Charter given to Hythe by Queen Elizabeth. On the walls are portraits of Mr. Marjoribanks, who represented the borough in Parliament, and Charles James Fox. There are also two marine subjects by Daniell, one representing the burning of the "Kent" in 1825 in the Bay of Biscay, and the other showing the wreck of the "Hythe" in Australia. The two ships



belonged to the Honourable East India Company, and several Hythe men, members of their crew, were drowned.

On the wall behind the high seat are ten large panels containing names, five on either side of the Cinque Ports Arms, and immediately above the chair on one side is the common seal of Hythe and on the other the Jurats' seal. The names in the first two-and-a-quarter columns are those of the Bailiffs, following which are the Mayors, with about one-and-a-half columns for future names.

An old oak chest contains some valuable documents. Amongst old world records I find an account of a deliberate case of a husband murderer. It appears that a Hythe butcher by the name of Lott fell in love with his young maid-servant. At that time, however, she was engaged to a man named Buss, who, however, being of a mercenary disposition, persuaded her to marry Lott upon the understanding that a will was made in her favour. The ceremony was gone through, but two days afterwards the trio went on horseback to Burmarsh and, after they had had a drink and rested at an inn, the bridegroom was taken ill. He died a few days afterwards and Mrs. Lott, who had been arrested, confessed that while Buss had placed the poison in a mug she agreed to the crime. The two were found guilty, but sufficient time had elapsed for a child to be born. The scene in court, when the young mother, holding her infant in her arms, was dragged from the dock at Maidstone, is described in the papers of the day in a most heartrending manner. Mrs. Lott, who was quite young, and her accomplice were hanged on the same day and it is stated that a quarter-of-an-hour passed before she was dead. The fire was then lighted under her body and it was consumed to ashes.

Such is the old High Street of Hythe as we see it to-day, commercial enterprise having given the faces of the buildings a modern look, but go into the rooms and peer into the backyards of many of these places and you will be carried back some three hundred years, when most of them were built.

There are not many old houses apart from the High Street and passages leading out of it, but, nestling amid a wealth of trees, is a residence in Hillside Street known as Tynwold, with no known history, but obviously a place of importance in mediæval times. The old building has been added to on more than one occasion, but there are distinct traces that it was originally constructed of timber, assisted by the stone from the near-by quarries. The large number of roofs, great and small, show what a great many additions have been made.

Inside the house is some plain pine panelling in upper rooms, while in a room on the ground floor is some beautiful panelling of linen-fold pattern. In this room are two carved over-mantels of the Italian school, with beautiful ornamentation, Scriptural and mythological figures and coats of arms in panels. The house belonged to the late Mr. Twopeny, a great antiquary and collector. The property now belongs to Rear-Admiral P. H. Hall-Thompson. The gardens of Tynwold are a revelation, for here, within less than a mile of the sea, grow immense trees with a luxuriance equal to those planted in the depths of the county away from the salt air. Here are the ilex, the cedar, the acacia and many other choice specimens rising triumphant out of the slope of the hill leading down to town. And just above the garden, across the road, is a triangular plot of land where a spring rises and trickles down through the gardens of Tynwold and the Dene. The Corporation once tried to sell this land but, according to law, this spring must never be interfered with. The land may belong to the town, but the water belongs to the owners of the land below.

Nonconformity has always flourished in Hythe, and we find a Congregational Church in the High Street and a Wesleyan Church close to the banks of the Canal. "The latter is quite modern, having been erected in 1897, but the Congregational Church was built in 1867. The latter is a charming building in the Gothic style, yet not too ornate. The two entrances are a feature, having arches supported by delicate pillars, with richly carved capitals. In an old book I find a reference to the first Independent Chapel—Congregational, I suppose—built in Hythe. It appears that a small body of this sect in 1814 started services in a room previously used as a billiard room, and they were joined by the Baptists. The room was consecrated, but in 1816 "a neat plot of land was obtained and a neat chapel, forty feet by twenty feet, was erected." The present Congregational Church is probably the successor of this earlier one referred to. The nonagenarian, the late Mr. Longly, told me that Chapel Street was named after an Ebenezer Chapel that stood here on the site now occupied by a chemist's shop. In the upper rooms of another building, now used as a newspaper office, services were held, and the place was known as Johnny Friar's Chapel. The Roman Catholic Church, built in 1893, is associated with the Austin Friars.

In the days of religious persecution during the reign of Queen Mary the Protestants of Hythe became an important body, and

several showed the courage of martyrdom to the end. Four were burned at the stake in Canterbury—Robert Streater and George Catmer as the first victims, and William Hay and Joan Catmer a year afterwards. The history of the Catmers is typical of the religious fervour of those days. The husband absolutely refused to accept the Sacrament of the altar, and, in reply to the charge, said that "God is the worthy receiver spiritually, but the Sacrament, as you use it, is an abominable idol." He was chained to four other men and burned to death, singing psalms up to the end. Afterwards his widow came into the limelight, for, instead of being intimidated at the painful death of her husband, she openly took up the same attitude in regard to the Sacrament as he had done, and she, too, was burned at the stake. She is described as being a most beautiful woman, and those who were compelled to officiate at the execution "turned away their heads and wept."

In the year 1573 Archbishop Parker ordered a visitation to all places in East Kent, and we find, in the reports, a statement that the Hospital of St. John at Hythe was not being properly used. In the first place, the trustees were cultivating the attached land for their own use, while "the same almes howse is bestowed uppon Roges and Beggers contrary to Lawe." In the same report it is stated that the Hospital of St. Bartholomew was being occupied by "foriners for money and suche as are able to of themselves to Lyve otherwise."

One record is amusing. It shows that a Mr. Deedes, of Saltwood Castle, to save time and bother, elected himself to represent Hythe in Parliament when a vacancy occurred. After he had taken his seat, however, ugly rumours ran through the House of Commons, enquiries were made, and the election was declared void. Mr. Deedes not only lost his seat in Parliament, but his position as Mayor of Hythe.

Another instance refers to Sir Edward Dering, who represented Hythe in Parliament in 1675. He introduced a Bill for the abolition of Archbishops, Bishops, Deans and Chapters, and, not satisfied with delivering speeches in the House of Commons, published them in pamphlet form. This was a serious breach of privilege and the pamphlets were burned by the common hangman. The baronet was confined in the Tower of London for a week and disqualified for a seat in Parliament for all time. Later on he fought for King Charles I. and lost his estate,

I cannot do better, in bringing my history of Hythe to a close, than mention an interview I had with the late Mr. Longly just before his death a few months ago. He had then reached the advanced age of ninety-three. Up to the last he was a remarkable man, mentally and physically, and when I saw him he could give the names of everyone who lived in Theatre Street, where he was born, his memory going back to the time when he was only seven years old. He was married in 1860. Talking of Theatre Street, he mentioned that the theatre itself was built for the use of troops encamped at the back of Hythe, under Sir John Moore, who was killed at the Battle of Corunna. The theatre was eventually pulled down and a private house built in its place. Amongst other alterations in the way of buildings, on the site of the house now occupied by Dr. Randall Davis there used to be a wheat store, and between the garden and the Ladies' Walk a great many bones were dug up.

The Imperial Hotel was built on the site of a martello tower which was blown up, the explosion breaking many houses in the town, while chimneys rattled down. The National School was opened in 1814 opposite the King's Head. In regard to the appearance of the Town Hall, it had not altered much during his lifetime. The corn market, held every Thursday, was a very important one, and all the cornfactors in East Kent had stalls there. Speaking about markets, he mentioned that a cattle market was held near the bridge close to the Duke's Head once a week, as well as one in front of the Swan, and, although the street was narrow, he had seen sheep penned there.

Mr. Longly had a vivid recollection of the opening of the Hythe railway, and the ceremony of cutting the first sod by the Duke of Connaught is within range of the author's memory, as well as Mr. Longly's. The Duke was then Prince Arthur, serving in the Rifle Brigade at Dover, and when presented with a rather fragile silver spade he went to work with the energy of a navvy, and the blade and handle broke in two. The Sandgate station was also built, but during one night the platforms subsided, and when the officials arrived on duty they found them level with the rails. It was originally intended that the line should be continued through Sandgate and the lower road to Folkestone, but the project was never carried out.

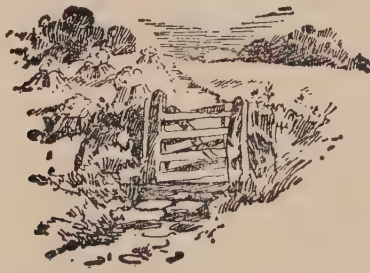
While I was talking to Mr. Longly we were sitting on the banks of the Canal, and he visualised the picture as it appeared when he was a boy. There were merely rough banks, with no flower beds,



He remembered the first houses being built on the front at the time when there was no promenade but merely a rough beach. The Ladies' Walk was planted long before any house was built in the direction of the sea. In his early days there was some magnificent fishing to be obtained, including pike, perch and chub. One night he surreptitiously placed a flue net across the Canal and captured a forty-pound pike. Two streams from the hills ran into the Canal, the one from the mill pond being open and crossing the road. Later, iron pipes were laid to carry the water under the Canal out to sea. The intervening land between the Canal and the beach, including the tract of country towards Sandgate, reminded him very much of Romney Marsh, with ditches interlacing it.

On the front were three forts, Sutherland Fort, Moncrieff Fort and the Grand Redoubt, as well as several martello towers. From these forts he used to watch coastguards firing 56lb. cannon balls, but the guns had a range of only about a quarter of a mile. Mr. Longly had a vivid recollection of the sea breaking over the front, washing away two bridges and flooding Stade Street, where he himself rowed a boat. He recalled the days when colliers unloaded coal on the beach near Stade Street, while barges came up to wharves. Much coal, however, was unloaded on the beach, and horses drew it in carts into Stade Street. Close to where Sutherland House Hotel now stands there used to be some capacious corn stores built on piles.

Finally, Mr. Longly referred to the old days when cricket was played on the green, and he smiled when he described players running about in top hats and white ducks.



## NEWINGTON-NEXT-HYTHE

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AMONGST the millions of those who travel along what is known as the back road between Newingreen and Folkestone probably not more than one in ten thousand realises that just off the highway along which they are passing stands a quaint little old-fashioned hamlet which would gladden the heart of anyone who is a lover of the picturesque. It lies on the left-hand side as you travel towards Folkestone, and about a mile before you come to Cheriton—the village of Newington, usually styled Newington-next-Hythe, to distinguish it from the village of Newington near Sittingbourne.

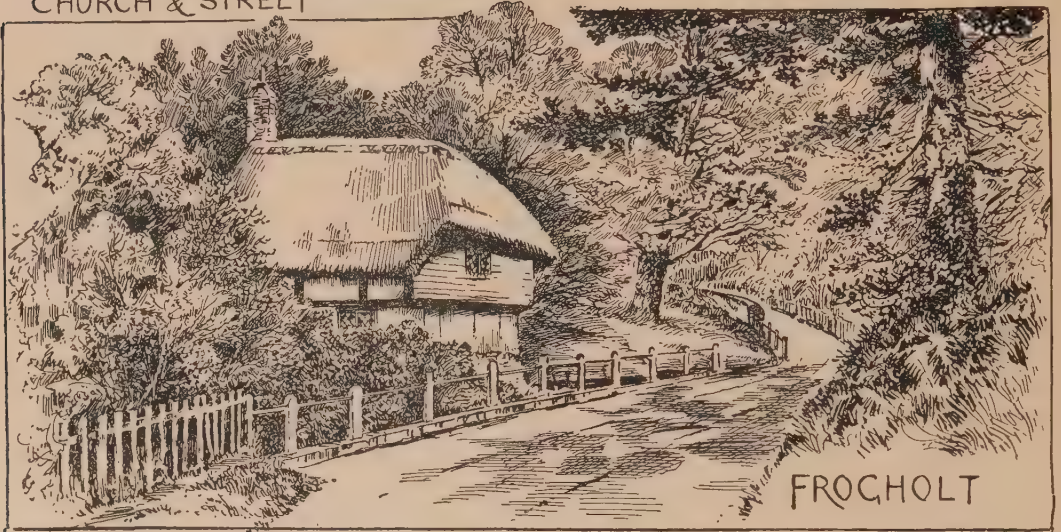
You walk along a narrow road leading out of the great highway, and here in a cluster is the heart of a village, with its well-groomed church standing on a slight eminence, a typical homestead known as Pound Farm, and possessing a grand old chimney and a farmyard across the road, with stone-walled buildings that look as if they would last for ever; an old red building that was once the poor house; the village pound solidly built of Kentish rag and brick coping; and a little farther on the schools, built in 1869, enlarged in 1892, and endowed by the late Mrs. Thompson with £500 capital. On a tiny triangular green is the War Memorial in the form of a granite cross, and containing the following names:—C. E. Amos, J. Amos, W. W. Banks, J. Chadwick, S. F. Chittenden, W. I. Clayson, E. Cloke, C. Fogg, E. Graves, E. E. Jordan, R. T. Newman, E. C. Nutley, N. Nutley, J. I. Pearson, E. Smith, G. F. Vincent, S. C. Vincent and H. C. H. West.

And then you gaze down the street itself. Yes, I believe it is known as the Street—a row of buildings on one side and a farmyard

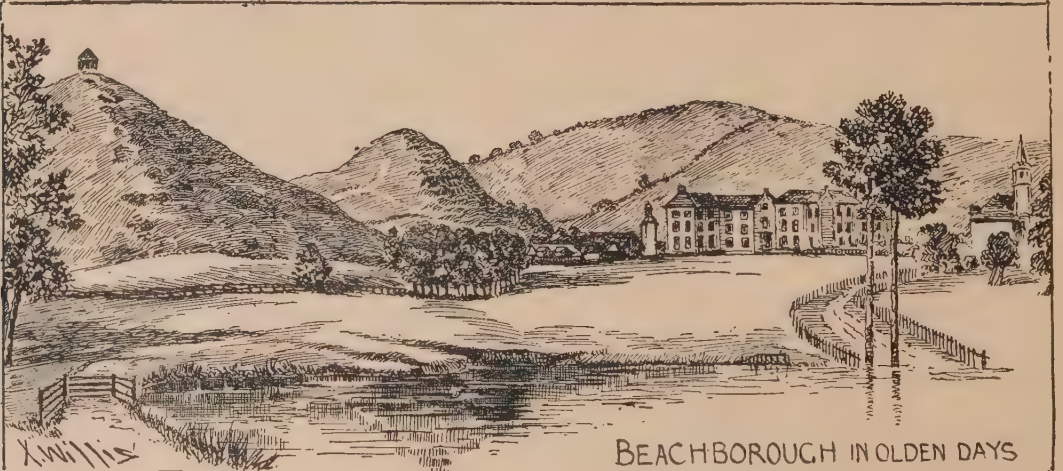




CHURCH & STREET



FROCHOLT



BEACHBOROUGH IN OLDEN DAYS



on the other. The houses are of all shapes and sizes, some built of stone or red brick, but the one that attracts the eye is a small half-timbered building with white plaster filling. Judging from the roof the original house was double the size, but one half was either burned or pulled down to give place to a red-brick neighbour. The projecting beams of the timbered house provide an overhang, and out of the roof comes a gabled window. To complete the village there 'is the Post Office and general shop combined, and a pretentious sign with red lettering tells us that, although the window below is full of fascinating sweets and other goodies, beer can be bought within the shop, for this said sign contains the words, "Barley Mow." Yes, you are right, it is a beerhouse, or, to be quite correct, premises which possess only a half-licence. As I walked over the cobble stones on one side of the street and revelled in the green patches of grass, growing quite recklessly on each side of the road, I watched a couple of farm hands during their dinner hour quaffing rich brown beer while they stood outside the "Barley Mow." And I felt thirsty, too.

The church, named after St. Nicholas, stands on a mound at the end of the village street, well-groomed and in a wonderful state of preservation. So many churchyards are crowded with trees and shrubs, but here you have one magnificent yew with wide-spreading branches, standing in isolated grandeur between the road and the porch. The only other tree is a small yew in a far corner. The church itself consists of nave, chancel, north aisle and square tower. Above this tower, re-erected in 1907, is a wooden belfry, surrounded by a cupola and a large metal cock above to act as a weather-vane. The porch is comparatively modern, but there are indications of Norman origin if you stroll round the building, including a blocked doorway in the south wall.

The feature which strikes you as you enter the little church is the Norman chancel arch and the several raised floors towards the altar, approached by steps, and the view is further beautified by the two deeply splayed lancet windows in the east wall. The reredos is in oak and richly carved, and a tablet in the church records the fact that the 18th Canadian Reserve, in return for the use of the church while they were quartered at Newington during the Great War, presented the altar desk and altar service book. The chancel arch is Norman and without ornamentation, rising from impost mouldings. The aisle, which is of more recent date than the rest of

the church, is very narrow and divided from the nave by three plain pointed arches of the thirteenth century, set at wide intervals, the piers being large and somewhat crude. There is a chapel at the east end of the aisle, and this is approached from the chancel under a plain pointed arch and from the aisle by a three-quarter arch. Until the church was restored there was a raised stone platform at the east end of this chapel, upon which an altar probably stood. Amongst other things to notice are the old oak pulpit, the octagonal font with a wooden cover of elegant tabernacle design, an aumbry in the chancel and the slanting opening in the north wall so arranged that people sitting in the chapel can see the altar.

Standing in the nave is a remarkable almsbox, the upper part being original fourteenth century work, but it is mounted on a pedestal of a later period. It is a single block, and in front of it are three locks fastened with padlocks hundreds of years old. It can only be opened in the presence of the Vicar and the two wardens, as each possesses a different key.

The windows vary in shape. In the chancel are two trefoil lancets on the south side, and over the altar two more lancets with coloured glass of mathematical design. In the chapel is a fourteenth century window, and on its north side two coloured lancets. One of the lancet windows, the one nearest the north door, was for many years hidden by the organ, but upon this instrument being removed the window became exposed. It is of stained glass and remarkable in its subject, as it represents St. Nicholas raising to life three young men from a pot. St. Nicholas, the friend of poor maidens and sailors, was also the patron saint of the young, and among the miracles assigned to him was that of restoring to life three youths who had been murdered and salted down by an innkeeper in whose house they had taken lodgings. In Antwerp there is a similar subject on a window, but in this case there are three children bending over the pot.

There are several mural tablets in the church, and one marble memorial in various colours in the chancel is to James Brockman, a bachelor, and "last male heir of the Brockmans of Newington." From him Beechborough descended to the Drake family. In the chapel are many Brockman tablets, but two crude ones are in a peculiar position by the side of an arch. One is a memorial to Christopher Petly, who died in 1668, the carving being roughly executed and the name at first mis-spelt and then corrected. The

other tablet is to Thomas Booth, a former vicar, who died in 1650. In the nave are two marble memorials in the form of shields, one to Lieutenant-General Johnson, R.E., who died in 1827, and the other to his wife, who died two years previously.

There are several brasses, but all have been taken out of their matrices, mounted on wood and placed against the walls. One represents a man wrapt in a shroud, a woman by his side, and originally a group of three children stood below—two sons and a daughter. The following legend remains:—"Hic jacet Thomas Chylton qui obiit X<sup>o</sup> die Augusti Ao dni Mo Vc primo, ac pro bono statu Thomasine uxoris eius." The children who belonged to this brass have been transferred to another brass to the memory of Sir John Clerk, vicar, 1501. One brass, with figures of three women and a man, has this legend:—"Pray for the soules of Rychard Kyngge, Alys, Johan and Kateryn, his wyfs, the whyche Rychard decessed the first day of September in the yere of our Lord God Mo Vc XXV. on whose soules Jhu have mercy. Amen." One dated 1630 has figures in full dress of a man and woman, groups of five daughters and two sons, and armorial bearings, with this inscription:—"Here lyeth buried Henry Brockman of Richborough, esquire, Lord of this manor, who departed this mortal life upon the XXVIII. of March, 1630." The above has a complete brass border. There is another half figure of a lady in a butterfly head-dress, and also a brass representing a civilian in full gown, dated 1570, but the name has disappeared. A modern brass has been placed in the chancel to the Rev. Leighton Buckwall, for forty years vicar, and who died in 1920.

Unpretentious to-day, nine hundred years ago Newington was a large town, and went by the name of Nevenstone. When Domesday was written the place was in existence, and we may assume that the Romans made it one of their settlements just inland from the coast. William the Conqueror made of it a manor, and the happy possessor was that great favourite of the Normans, Hugo de Montfort. This nobleman's grandson, Robert, got into disgrace and Henry the First took possession of the land, but later it reverted to private ownership, and among the owners were Hugo de Burgh, the once important family of Belhous, Thomas Cromwell afterwards Earl of Essex, and at last to the Brockmans in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The various generations of this family were intimately connected with this part of Kent, and their seat was Beechborough.

It should be added that the property came into the hands of Henry the Eighth after the fall of Thomas Cromwell, and two places in Romney Marsh were included in the estate—Newington Brenzett and Newington Fee. Newington, the village I am describing, was called Newington Belhouse.

In addition to the Romney Marsh property, a part of West Hythe belongs to Newington, and land, which now belongs to the Borough of Hythe, stretched along the Saltwood border, passing the edge of the Hythe golf links, down to the old water mill below the station, and which still goes by the name of Newington Mill, across the Cheriton road and so on to the sea, just about where the Imperial Hotel now stands. This was the straggling parish of Newington until 1874, when the Borough of Hythe extended its boundaries and took in a part of Newington, Cheriton, Saltwood and West Hythe to make it the civil parish of Hythe St. Leonards.

There were three old manors of Newington, one being Coombe, and the house stood just under the hill on your right as you approach the Elham Workhouse. You find the spot down a deep dip, but no longer does an ancient building confront you, but merely a pair of modern red-brick cottages. Yet much history was attached to the old manor house, the site of which was happily chosen under the lee of a short rise in the ground and facing a beautiful stretch of undulating country. To-day the harmony of the view is broken by the railway and the tanks of a sewage farm. The manor of Coombe was part of the possessions of Bertram de Crioll, who owned it in the reign of Henry the Third. When he died he left the property to the Convent of St. Radigund at Dover, and as a residence for five canons who were "to celebrate for the souls of himself, his ancestors and successors for ever." The priests lived in the place until the reign of Henry the Eighth, when, together with other religious houses, the monarch handed it over to the See of Canterbury.

On land which either borders or stands within the course of Hythe golf links were two other manors belonging to Newington. One was Blackhose, or, as Hasted spells it, Blackwose, and sometimes known as Canons Court. It occupied the site upon which the residence of Sir Charles Wakefield now stands, and was a monastic house in the fifteenth century attached to the Priory of the Premonstratensian Order. The monks, however, were unable to support the place, and, deserting it, wandered about Kent. This created a scandal, for many stories adverse to the morals of the



fraternity arose, and the General Chapter of the Order caused this "Cell" at Newington to be united to the Abbey of St. Radigund's, near Dover. The new owners converted it into a farm, and the abbot of St. Radigund's caused the roving canons and monks to go into seclusion at that Abbey. King Henry the Eighth, when he suppressed monasteries, took possession of Blackhose, and, after passing through the hands of several private owners, it came to the Honywoods.

The other manor was known variously as Singe, Sene or Scene, and at the present time an old house called Scene Farm can be found within the Hythe golf course. Some very fine stone walls indicate the importance of the place, for it dates back to many centuries ago, when the Valoigns owned it. Of their residence no trace remains, but the homestead is two or three hundred years old. When the Hythe links were first laid out it was used as the club house—one of the quaintest and most beautifully situated club houses in England.

There is one mansion in Newington—Beachborough, built on the site of the residence of the ancient family of Valoigns. Later, during the reign of Edward III., it was the property of Sir Francis Fogge. The place continued in the Fogge family until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when it was bought by Henry Brockman, who re-built the seat in 1713. The Brockmans were identified with this part of Kent for several generations and Sir William Brockman, fighting on behalf of Charles I., put up a brave defence of the town of Maidstone in 1648. General Fairfax, the Parliamentary leader, was in command of the Cromwellians, and the encounter was one of the fiercest struggles during the whole of the war. One, James Brockman, who died unmarried in 1767, and was buried in Newington church, was the last male issue of this branch of the family, but by will he devised it to the Rev. Ralph Drake, with an injunction that he should take the name of Brockman. The property is still in possession of this family, the present owner being Mr. Francis Drake Brockman, who resides in Hertfordshire and lets Beachborough to Mr. F. E. Chappell, M.A., who carries on a preparatory school there.

Although Beachborough stands within a park which is noted for its undulating pastures reaching even to the top of the downs, and for being dotted with many coppices, it can be easily seen from the main road between Sandling and Cheriton, and it specially stands out in the green landscape owing to the whiteness of its front. You will seldom

see a plainer building with a formality that is accentuated by the windows being plain and of equal size. There is a projecting wing at each end and in the centre of the front is a porch supported by columns and a facade above is relieved only by a slight gable in the centre, under which is a sundial dated 1713.

Considerable alterations have been made within since it was built in 1713 by Henry Brockman, but a fine hall with pillars at either end remains, together with a large open fireplace. The decorations of several of the rooms were carried out by the Brothers Adam, and the delicate architraves of the doors, mantelpieces and ceilings give them a touch of beauty. Here and there is to be found some oak panelling, but the real feature of the whole house is an extraordinary oak staircase, the turn of the steps being inlaid in several places, while the balustrade is delicate in design.

The land surrounding the house is richly wooded and, in addition to a large lake in the front of the house, there is a second one half way up one of the hills. The large walled-in garden takes us back to the days when bricks were cheap, and alongside is a charming grove of trees in great variety.\* Some of them were probably planted over two hundred years ago and they include several ilexes, a magnificent wide-spreading cedar and a tulip tree of exceptional height. In the drive close to the house is an old mounting stone with the date 1713. Perched upon the summit of a great mound is a summer house to which an amusing story is attached. It is said that one of the Brockmans realising that the profanity of his language was unfit for the ears of his family and servants, possessed sufficient will power to erect this building to which he could adjourn when one of his swearing fits came upon him. At last came the opportunity and dashing out of the house he started to mount the hill, but after traversing half the distance the absurdity of the whole thing turned his wrath into hilarity and laughing heartily he returned to his house thoroughly good tempered. Further it is said that not once did he ever go up to the summer house for its original purpose. To this day it is called Brockman's Folly.

Not far from the entrance gates to Beachborough, on the opposite side of the road, is a peculiar looking residence. It was the dower house of the Brockmans, and originally an ordinary red-brick building. To-day it might be a toy citadel, for around it has been erected a stone wall, castellated at the top. The stone used in this addition was brought from ancient Brookshill, at Saltwood, when that residence was demolished.

Down in a hollow and in the bend of the old Folkestone road, but now by-passed owing to its notorious character as a dangerous spot for motorists, is a charming little place known as Frogholt. Here a water mill once stood and the stream still runs from the slopes of Beachborough Downs until it passes under a bridge that spans the highway. The rivulet then forms a bed of its own and trickles alongside the road and so on past the little tumble-down cottage that was one of the mill buildings. No wheel turns to the stream now-a-days, but none-the-less we have a delightful bit of rustic scenery, a tressel bridge leading into the tiny garden of the timber-framed house, its sides filled in with whitened bricks and plaster, and relieved by the original little lead-light windows with diamond-shaped glass. The overhang is supported by the projecting ends of the beams, blackened by age and the rough usage of wind and rain. Above is a thickly thatched roof. But perhaps the charm of this ancient house is its tumble-down appearance, all off the balance as though it had been shaken by an earthquake. But it is more likely that the stream running close by penetrated into the foundations and, stone-built though they are, caused the building to sag. But it held its own, although battered in the combat, and this day presents one of the choicest little bits of rustic beauty in Kent. Just beyond is a weather-boarded cottage, also with thatched roof and from the tall banks on either side rise trees whose branches hang overhead and give shade to the bend in the road.

Just out of the village street is a hamlet known as Peene—a cluster of a few buildings, including a homestead and farmyard.

There is no doubt that Newington was originally a Roman settlement, for not only have Roman coins and ornaments been dug up—a very great number was found 150 years ago—but in 1760 a cemetery was discovered, the skeletons being surrounded by the usual ornaments and jewels commonly buried with the dead in those days.



## BORDEN

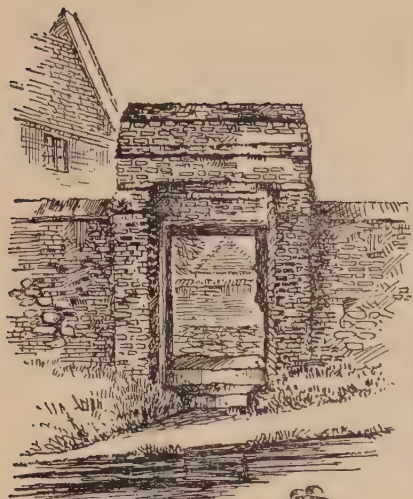
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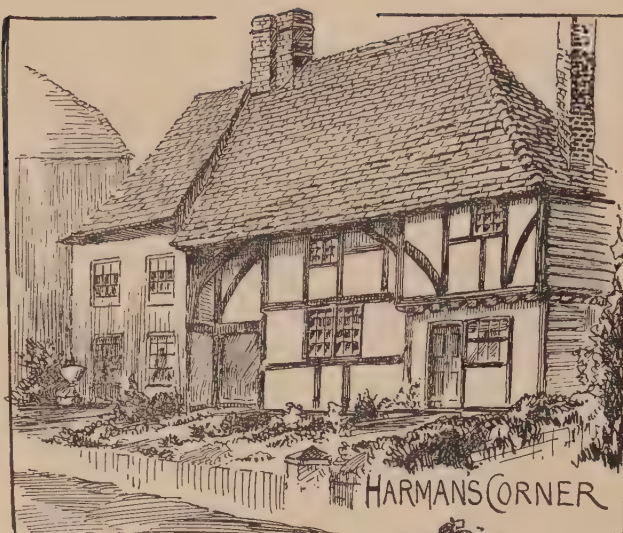
WHEN describing the villages that lie off the great highway once known as Watling Street and later on, during coaching days, as the Dover Road, I realise how ignorant the ordinary traveller must be in regard to the beautiful spots dotted with fine churches and old-world houses so close at hand, even within sound of the motor horn. But luckily they nestle among orchards and hop gardens just outside the clouds of dust that rise as motors rush past from London to the coast, driven by the fiends who are record breaking and looking neither to the right nor the left. Borden is one of these villages, standing, as the crow flies, not more than a mile from Sittingbourne and yet as you stand in a dip of the roadway, that somewhat impudently attaches to itself the title of The Street, you would think you were in the heart of a rural district. All roads that lead to the church are fringed with orchards, just as we find them stretching over miles of slightly undulating country on both sides of Watling Street. Dotted about are typical homesteads mostly of the timber period, but further afield we hear the hammer of the builder and are rather staggered at the rate at which small villas and bungalows are being erected when we follow the road that leads to Key Street.

There are three "Streets" outside the heart of the village—Oad Street, Chestnut Street and Key Street—and the modern buildings of what was once a tiny obscure rustic hamlet with a few cottages standing by the roadside and known as Key Street, now contains such a large number of modern dwellings that the traveller believes that he is in Sittingbourne and not passing through a once obscure hamlet belonging to the parish of Borden. Now this village of Borden is





HEART'S DELIGHT



HARMANS CORNER



BORDEN HALL



The Church AND STREET



A CORNER AT STREET FARM



distinctly greedy in the way it extends its tentacles in all directions and is not likely to hand over one of its cherished possessions like Key Street, which, as I have said, borders on the great highway.

The church stands on a slight eminence above what is known as the Street, and it is of particular interest to know that the living is in the gift of the Society for the Maintenance of the Faith, to which belong the Anglo-Catholics, and the services are naturally of an extremely High Church character. The church was a part of the possessions of Leeds Priory until Henry VIII. demolished that monastic building, and here at Borden priests connected with the Priory resided, not only to look after the spiritual well-being of the people, but to tend them in illness and settle disputes. They would also see to the cultivation of the land.

But the church itself, named after St. Peter and St. Paul, dates back into the far-distant centuries, back to Norman times and the Early English period, and it is quite probable that a Saxon church stood on the same spot. The present building is neat and clean looking, its flint walls giving it the well-groomed appearance that is always associated with that material. There are many roofs, all well proportioned, and some embattled—an embellishment that is always effective—and the mullions of the windows, dating from the twelfth century to the fourteenth, are in excellent preservation. The churchyard has a sprinkling of trees, which in summer time give just sufficient shade to cast shadows over the flint walls at the close of day and offer peeps of the church through their spreading branches.

The Norman tower is the feature, a fine square erection standing firm without the aid of buttresses, lighted by small windows of the eleventh century and a later one of the Perpendicular period over the doorway. Patches of ferns standing out of the tower walls and from the roof of the turret give a delightfully artistic touch. The tile-roofed stair turret at one corner reaches only to the top of the first stage. On the south side of the church is another small turret, with embattled parapet, used for the steps leading to the old rood-loft. On this turret is a sundial inscribed with these words:—

Fast flies the hour, soon fleets the day  
And quickly measures life away.

The western doorway of the tower is an extremely beautiful specimen of Norman masonry, with deep chiselling. There are three cylindrical

mouldings, supported by three shafts with inverted capitals, and distinctly ornamental are the tiers of chevron and scalloped patterns, two of each.

You enter the church through a fifteenth century south porch, built of flint and having a string course which ends with a gargoyle at each corner in the form of a grotesque human face. On the walls of the porch are trefoiled single-light windows and by the side of the doorway is a holy water stoup. This doorway is boldly moulded. Above the door of the porch is a wooden sundial.

Dimly lighted is the interior, notwithstanding the recent opening up of two three-light windows in the roof, owing to the small size of most of the windows and the obscurity caused by dense stained glass, the east window being specially deep in colour. What strikes you first is the open expanse of the building, caused by the absence of a chancel arch, removed to make room for the rood-loft steps, the result being that the two arcades extend each side of both the nave and result is that the two arcades extend each side of both the nave and the chancel—the whole length of the church. The arcades, consisting of four side bays each, are of different periods, the old one containing two arches of the Early English period, springing from an octagonal pier with carved foliated capital. The respond at the western end of this arcade consists of a human head acting as a corbel, but the features are badly battered. The two aisles were widened, the north one in the fourteenth century and the south one in the fifteenth century. Early English arches are in the north side of the nave, but with plain moulded capitals. Between the chancel and chapels are four arches, the two on the north side being modern. The tower arch is an impressive example of Norman work, a wide arch with massive piers and slight shafts set in the angles. Within, looked at from the nave, the tower presents a fine effect, as the lower part is exposed to view. How frequently a church loses its old-world charm when the nave and tower are cut asunder by a partition or even a curtain! The older and cruder the walls of these lower chambers, the more impressive they are and reminders of the masons' work of the past. In the centre of the tower stands the font, and as a background is the richly coloured stained glass window, while two Norman windows, deeply splayed and no larger than slits in the side walls, cast a cross-light over this chamber, which is reached by steps from the nave. The font is modern—octagonal, with centre stem and four



marble shafts on a square base, which is approached by circular steps. The roof of the nave is plastered, supported by two solid tie beams and king-posts. The chancel roof is beautiful in its delicate panelling, the narrow ribs being carved, while the principals rest on crowned corbel heads. Both aisles are heavily timbered above.

The windows are of different ages and in a fine state of preservation. I have already mentioned the Norman windows in the tower. In the south aisle is a lancet with a moulded arch. Coming to the Decorated period, we find two in the south aisle and four with fine tracery in the north aisle and the east window. The later Perpendicular period is represented by the west window of three lights, and two windows in the south aisle with cinque-foiled lights. Several of the windows are coloured. In the north aisle is one erected to the memory of Richard Harman and his wife, the dates of their deaths being 1833 and 1843; to Edmund Barrow and his wife, who died in 1892 and 1873 respectively; and to Sarah Helen, wife of the Rev. Francis Tuke, vicar of the parish, who died in 1873, and, although her age was only thirty-nine at her death, she was the mother of eleven sons and six daughters. In the walls of the south aisle and the Lady Chapel are two windows erected by Alfred Tidy in 1908 to commemorate the many years he held the office of churchwarden, while another window in the same aisle is to the memory of his wife, who died in 1900; and yet another window was erected to William Tidy and his wife, parents of Alfred Tidy, who died in 1870 and 1879 respectively. Mr. Tidy was an old inhabitant who devoted many years of his life to the parish he loved.

There are monuments to Lieutenant Henry Wise, R.N., and Robert Plot. The latter one is curious, showing a sculptured figure as a winged warrior, holding a spear of wood, tipped with iron. He is treading on a representation of the Devil, who has wings, a bull's head and human arms. Behind are spears, flags and a drum, and, above them, a cannon. Dr. Robert Plot's career is described in later pages where I have mentioned the family seat, Sutton Baron.

Several mural tablets are on the walls of the church. In the chancel is one to the memory of George, son of George Musgrave and grandson of Sir Christopher Musgrave, of Eden Hall, Cumberland, who died in 1824; also to his son who died in 1861, and his wife who died in 1859 "after 68 years of wedlock." The inscription, after paying a tribute to the kindly nature of Mrs. Musgrave, states "that she

exhibited a bright example, and when she had done this she fell asleep." Also in the chancel is a tablet to the memory of Horace, eldest son of the Rev. George Musgrave, who died in 1851; one to Charlotte Emily, wife of the Rev. George Musgrave, who died in 1872; and George, eldest son of George and Margaret Musgrave, who died in 1883. In the north aisle is a brass tablet to William Barrow, founder of the famous Borden charity; also to William Wise and members of his family who died between the years of 1848 and 1864; to George Cobb and his wife, who died in 1870 and 1872 respectively; to Ralph Sherwood, 1705 and 1708 respectively; to Francis Vesey and family, and to Lewis Levy, of Borden Hall, who died in 1919. In the south aisle we find a tablet erected to the memory of Henry Wise, who died in 1814, and to Robert Hovenden, who died in 1908, after having made his name as an antiquary of repute. In the nave is a tablet to the memory of Mary Milway, wife of the vicar of the parish, who died in 1726.

Other things worth noticing are a closed doorway in the north aisle; the bowl of an old font with the letters "B.D.," and a curious carved design; the stone reredos with arches, the centre arch containing the signs of the Evangelists; in the chancel an Early English piscina, with projecting shaft and bowl sloping backwards; the massive stone pulpit containing the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul; a stone screen beneath an arch, erected to the memory of members of the Musgrave family; the doorways of the rood-loft; and a wide niche in the wall of the south aisle that may have contained a tomb.

In the churchyard is the war memorial in the form of a tall and slender stone cross, and here are inscribed the names of Borden's dead heroes—S. J. Bentley, C. D. Flack, C. W. Fuggle, A. Honeysett, S. Honeysett, G. J. Jordan, C. T. May, G. D. Mills, C. Norrington, F. Norrington, G. Percival, T. F. Seager, H. A. Sellen, A. W. Smith, A. E. Steers, H. M. Tyman, O. E. Winch and F. Young.

Borden gloried in a parish clerk many years ago, not that he himself was famous, but the mantle of fame fell upon the shoulders of his wife. Among the duties of a clerk was the keeping of order during the service, but, as her husband was given to frequent drunken bouts, the good lady acted in his stead every Sunday morning and carried a rolling pin with which to strike the heads of any boys or girls who fell asleep or played about. On one occasion the mother

of one of these boys rose in indignation when she saw the rolling pin descend upon his head, and passionately abused the clerk's wife. But the next moment she lay senseless in the pew, the result of a well-aimed blow from the rolling pin. Up came the churchwarden, and he, in turn, felt the weight of the weapon, and in a tumbled mass lay prone in the aisle. The service came to an abrupt end, but for the sake of Borden's good name the incident was hushed up. This story was told me by a very old lady who lived at Badlesmere, and she added that the couple lived on the road leading to Hearts Delight. One would not imagine a more fitting spot for a couple to live near—the husband drunk and the wife belaying him with a rolling pin.

Close to the churchyard wall, composed of flint with brick coping, we come across several historic buildings, picturesque and in direct contrast to a few modern buildings which of necessity have grown up of recent years. One building of greater age is the parish room, built out of the Barrow Charity and here public meetings are held. It is a long range of buildings, partly used as habitations. An inscription reads:—"Erected by Mr. Barrow's Trustees—Richard Tylden, Esq., William Bland, jun., Esq., Rev. R. O. Tylden, William Baldwin, Esq.—1823."

William Barrow was the descendant of a family which settled in Borden in the seventeenth century. He owned and farmed much land in the parish and when he died in 1707 at the age of seventy-one and leaving no children it was found that he had left £12,000. The wish of this charitable man was that the revenue of his landed property should be distributed "to the widows and poor men of Borden," and for a time the money was used for this purpose, but the Charity Commissioners deemed it expedient to step in, deprive the poor old Borden villagers of their rights, and to expend the sum in the erection of a Grammar School. It is surprising that more champions for the "widows and poor men of Borden" did not rise in indignant wrath and protest against such allocation. A few of the old and loyal inhabitants, headed by Mr. Alfred Tidy, fought desperately. But who could beat the Charity Commissioners? The whole proceedings were scandalous. If William Barrow were here to-day, what would he say?

Then followed more spoliation. The Grammar School, which had been erected in 1878 at a cost of £13,000 was taken over by the Kent Education Committee, eventually to be closed, while a new school was erected in Sittingbourne. The old building in Borden was remodelled

and added to, and is now known as the Kent Farm Institute, carried on under the auspices of the County Council. The various sciences connected with agriculture are taught to students by a large staff and the seven acres of land upon which the buildings stand are used for playing purposes. While theory is taught at the Institute practical demonstration can be studied on the land at Grove End House, Tunstall, some 250 acres in extent, including orchards, plantations, hop gardens, arable land and pasture. The immediate object of the Farm Institute is to educate the sons of working farmers, farm bailiffs and fruit foremen, and it is hoped that these intentions will never be forgotten and that the place will not develop into an educational establishment for members of the upper class. As I have already said, poor old William Barrow would be astonished at the administration of his fortune which was left to the "widows and poor men of Borden."

The hostelry of the village is the "Maypole Inn"; the Post Office is a room in a private house; the elementary schools, built in 1846, are some distance away; and there is also a parish room built modestly of wood.

Close up against the Street are farmyards and barns, but we are particularly attracted by two old buildings standing close to each other and facing the east side of the church. One is a timbered and brickwork building which was once the village workhouse. Its slender timbered frame is filled in with bricks of herring-bone pattern.

Next to it is a building of great age, once almost entirely timbered, and the heavy beams and framework can still be seen on three sides of it. One corner, however, is now composed of brickwork and it is quite possible that the part of the old building had become dilapidated at this point or it may have been the victim of a fire. This is Street Farm, once a very large building, but now turned into half a dozen cottages. Locally, I can find but very few particulars about this place, as it is merely described as a farmhouse, but it is of very Priory and the priests lived at Borden Hall it is quite possible that church. When this place was a part of the possessions of Leeds Priory and the priests lived at Borden Hall, it is quite possible that the building we now call Street Farm was a residence of a similar character, and if you walk down the pathway on the northern side of the building you will come across the remains of some stone windows



mullioned in a fashion that would apply to a monastic building. Two of these windows are now blocked up. Above is a timber-frame addition and perpendicular beams filled in with bricks four hundred years old. Some portions of the lower part are built of polished flints, similar to those in the church. They are probably of the same age. It is quite possible, therefore, that this was a chapel attached to the rest of the building which was occupied as the residence of the priests.

If you follow the Bredgar road you come to a three-went-way known as Harman's Corner, the left leading to the London-road and the other to Tunstall and Bredgar. Here at the cross-roads is a timbered building now turned into three tenements; one wing was destroyed by fire or demolished, and has been re-built, but the rest of the building is in good condition with its centre recess and slightly projecting wing. A fine corner post and heavy projecting beams support this part of the old house. At Harman's Corner you are struck with admiration at two tall yews, trimly cut until the tops are allowed to run free and form bushes above. Years ago there were six of these trees standing in front of the residence that is now known as Litchfield, but tradition says that they once were part of an avenue that led up to an old house close by. Just near the bend in the Bredgar road is a grey plastered house, now converted into cottages, but reputed to be the old manor house of Borden. Its plaster completely hides the timber frame with which it is built.

Strolling along towards Tunstall, we pass thatched buildings, one of which is constructed of timber with ochre-tinted fillings of plaster above the bricks below. Dark yews trained to strange shapes act as sentinels at the entrance. Further along is a little spot known as "Hearts Delight," sometimes called "Harts Delight," but surely the former is a more romantic name and worth preserving. There are two homesteads, one known as Upper and the other as Lower Hearts Delight Farm. The lower one stands slightly back from the road fronted by an old-world garden, and still contains beautiful bits of timber and plaster, especially in an angle where the roofs meet. This homestead is now used as cottages. Upper Hearts Delight stands on the other side of the road on an eminence with capacious farmyards adjoining it. Much of the old timber work has been enclosed by modern bricks and tiles, but the timber frame above is still visible on three sides with Tudor bricks in the lower part. The original chimneys

remain. The garden was once enclosed by a fine brick wall, portions of which are still to be seen. Also there remains the original entrance gate in brickwork, square in shape and with the old oak frame of the doorway, although somewhat weather-beaten, still in existence. It is an old-world picture, through this gateway, up well-worn stone steps, and the enclosed yard with its cobbled footpath. And the bricks wear that mellow, warm tint so characteristic of the Tudor period.

Borden Hall is a fine residence belonging to Mrs. Levy, and stands in the midst of beautiful lawns and gardens, close up to the churchyard wall; in fact, there is an entrance to the churchyard from the gardens, the same probably that existed centuries ago when this was the priests' house connected with Leeds Priory. In those days two priests were specially appointed to look after the church and, therefore, we can have no doubt as to the date of the building—pre-Reformation. The front of the present building discloses three periods of architecture, the Early Tudor, Elizabethan and a comparatively recent addition, possibly used in days gone by as a granary. The charm of the front is the preservation of the leadlights and the perfect condition of the Tudor bricks. Some years ago the whole of the facade was covered in yellow plaster, but portions fell off and disclosed the red bricks underneath. It is locally interesting to know that the glass of some of the windows came from Milton Church. The north end was the original building and from outside it presents a delightful picture with its heavy timbers filled in with buff-tinted plaster. The overhang extends the whole length and projects an exceptionally long distance. The main beams are very bulky and are now supported by modern brackets. A part of this portion of the house is built of flints, which abound to a wonderful extent in this locality. The arable land when turned up discloses this fact. This was not the original front of the building, as there is every indication that the entrance was from the south and the original Tudor doorway can still be seen within. When the first addition was made it was built up alongside the old front, and it is quite possible that at that time floors were added to a building which would originally have contained a huge hall opening up to the roof.

Wherever you go within the house you are impressed by its substantial beams and the large open fireplaces. The oak panelling of several rooms was collected by Mrs. Levy, and gives the old-world character to the apartments. In a small corner chamber by the side of the dining room chimney was discovered a trap door leading to a

cellar below, possibly a smugglers' hide, or, on the other hand, a place of refuge in troublous times, when buildings of a monastic character were frequently in danger. There is a tradition that a subterranean passage leads from Borden Hall to the church, in this case a tradition with a probability, as the distance is not great. In the garden stands the old tithe barn and between this building and the house is a hollow which was once a fish pond used by the monks when carp and tench were considered good victuals.

About a mile southward of the church stands an old manor house which to-day takes the name it bore centuries ago, as far back as the reign of Richard II. It is Sutton Baron, later on known at Sutton Barne, and thus described by Hasted some hundred and fifty years ago. I am glad it has gone back to the original name and cannot understand why the owners of similar property do not take the same course. Sutton Baron belonged to the Cromer estate, and was purchased by a Mr. Plot, whose son, the famous Dr. Robert Plot, was born here in 1641 and died in 1696.

Originally it was a timber-framed house with the main entrance in the west, and the old woodwork is still to be seen on this side of the building. Additions were made by Dr. Plot, with the result that two gables were erected facing the main road, with their faces tiled, while at the other end is a wing of very recent date. Anyone, therefore, passing along this road which leads to Bredgar, might consider the building a comparatively modern one. Over the porch are the initials "P.R.W." In an old engraving dated 1795 the house is shown as it appears to-day, but covered in ivy. A high wall, however, divided the garden from the high road and at each corner of the wall was a small summer-house, surmounted by a cupola.

Inside the house timbers show that it must have been one of the homesteads typical of the Tudor period, for in the upper rooms are the cross-beams with an indication of a king-post, and the house probably consisted of a large main hall reaching to the roof. Dr. Plot made many interior as well as exterior alterations, and inserted some plain panelling in at least two of the rooms, all in an excellent state of preservation to-day. An old-world touch can be found in the kitchen where is to be seen the usual cross-beam over the open fire-place, but above it is a huge log of timber acting as a frieze, on which is carved scroll work representing, very crudely, leaves and fruit. The staircase is obviously seventeenth century.

Dr. Plot was a famous naturalist, secretary to the Royal Society, and the author of several books of a topographical character. Educated at Wye, he went to Oxford, became a Doctor of Law, the Royal Historiographer and Registrar of the Court of Honour.

Several roads lead to the main London road and one of them, known as Borden Lane, contains two picturesque houses dating back to the seventeenth century. One of them is Posiere, now the property of Mr. Austen Bensted. It presents a charming picture from the surrounding lawns, its front showing parts of the old timber frame, with a modern porch jutting out in the centre. The house is now L-shaped, but there are indications that at one time it was in the form of an E. At the back you see the original heavy timbers. All the old windows have disappeared save one, a bay, which nestles against the Tudor chimney and contains the old lead-lights in an oak frame. Recently, Mr. Charles Prentis, the occupier, opened up an old fireplace and discovered a stone fireplace of the Tudor period. In this old room is oak panelling of the same date and a carved bracket which was probably one of many to support a wooden frieze. An original doorway leads from the hall to the dining-room. Posiere once belonged to the family of Wolgate for many generations and a daughter of the house married William Barrow, the great benefactor of Borden.

Riddles is the name of the second old house along the Borden Lane, but almost the whole of the timber work is covered in weatherboarding. Fortunately, however, the recess in front remains, with its slender frame filled in with ochre-coloured plaster, while the Tudor chimneys can also be seen. Although close to the roadway, Riddles is delightfully situated, with a tall cedar standing sentinel at the entrance and equally lofty firs close by. On all sides are orchards.

Wren's Farm is another of those old houses which were re-fronted during the reign of Queen Anne. It must have been built in about the year 1450. We read that in 1664 it was known as Wrens, and belonged to Tunstall manor, the owner being one Christopher Allen.

About half a mile northward from the church stands a house which was re-built about a hundred and fifty years ago by an owner named Marsh. It took the place of an old manor house called Criols, and belonged to the eminent Kentish family of Criol, who owned vast acres seven hundred years ago. Subsequent owners were the Poynings and the Wyatts, names to conjure with in the history of the county.



I have already referred to Key Street, close up against the main road. In an opposite direction is Oad Street, a small hamlet with a hostelry known as the Plough and Harrow, the red brick and white-fronted Wesleyan Chapel erected in 1858, a few cottages and a homestead known as Vinson's House. Although modernised with red brick, there is much evidence to show that the house was erected three or four centuries ago. The square porch, with chamber above, and its doorway under an arch, must have been a fine specimen. At one corner of the house ancient windows have been blocked up, but a few panes of old glass remain.

Many Roman relics have been dug up in Borden, including stones worked into the shape of a globe. One ploughed up at Sutton Baron was as large as a cannon ball. It is also recorded that in 1676 Dr. Thomas Taylor found in Frid Wood an oak which bore leaves speckled white, while on a farm belonging to Mr. Barron was born a hog "whose feet were not cloven but soliped, yet not so round as the hoof of an horse but rather oblong like those of an ass." When recording the existence of this hog, Hasted, the historian, adds, "This is not a singularity, there being a rare species of them, though they are very rare to be met with."

Distributed over Kent were several churches or chapels belonging to manor houses, hermitages and hospitals. At Borden was a chapel of St. James's built by the family of Savage, of Bobbing Court. All information about this chapel, of which no trace is to be found, is lost, although it was stated to be on the south side of the road at Dental and is mentioned in the will of the founder, who authorised that the services should be held in the summer season but closed in the winter, a provision that goes to show that it was for the sake of the pilgrims who would be passing only during the summer months. Another reference to the old chapel is in the will of John Swift, of Borden, who died in 1526, and left a proviso that his son should keep up the "yearly reparation of the chapel of St. James's standing before my door for the time of his life and after his decease I likewise will that all other occupiers of the said tenement and lands shall sufficiently keep and maintain the said chapel in reparation when need shall require."

The name Borden is probably derived from "bury" and "den", one meaning a house and the other a wood. Philpott says it took its name from the boars which fed in the neighbouring chestnut woods—Bore-Denne. It is not mentioned in Domesday.

## TUNSTALL

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ERE is another of the nest of villages which lie just off the great highway between London and Dover—Watling Street—and, like its sister villages, revels in the possession of a beautiful old church, a fine specimen of the builders' craft of centuries ago, undulating land, and orchards. Orchards everywhere—down in the levels and on the uplands. Many were the hops once grown in these very same fields, but they gave way to fruit a quite long time ago.

A quiet little spot is the actual village, the heart of it lying close to the church and boasting in the appellation of The Street. Beyond, however, in the direction of the London road we come upon new buildings, mainly of the bungalow type, all erected with feverish haste, and the time is not far distant when The Street of Tunstall will be linked up, without a break, with Sittingbourne. Gore Park, once sprinkled with gorgeous trees and lulled in peacefulness, has been cut up into bits; the road that passed close by is now flanked by the front gardens of brand-new bungalows instead of hedgerows. Gore was the name of a manor and also of one who possessed it during the reign of Edward the Third. He was known as Henry-atte-Gore. Gore Park continued in the possession of the Gore family for many centuries and Richard Gore, who also owned land in Faversham, was buried in the chapel of St. Anne, Faversham, in 1504. The Gore family intermarried with the Hales and continued to own Gore Park until the beginning of the eighteenth century. The Smeed family then became possessed of it, and it was finally purchased as a speculation and cut up. The mansion was demolished for the sake of the material, but the superb columns which supported one part of it still remain and stand like gaunt limbs of a dismembered being. Seen through the branches of the surrounding trees they remind one of the ruins to be seen in Athens of to-day.



THE CHURCH



HALES HOUSE



TUNSTALL HOUSE



AT GROVE END







But we still breathe the atmosphere of ancient days in the tiny village by the church, a village that can trace its existence back to the time of Domesday and earlier still. For the Saxons founded the place and gave it the name of Dunstall, which, in the language of our Teutonic invaders, meant "a hilly place"—dun, a hill; stealle, a place. But why was it changed to Tunstall? Nobody knows. And yet the other day I asked my way of an old fellow and he pronounced it as Dunstall, a fact that leaves the responsibility of the change on the shoulders of some lawyer or other scribe—perhaps the village clerk—who of his own initiative used the T instead of the D and created a new style of spelling. In some parts of England, and especially in Kent, parishes are returning to the old and correct name.

The past history of Tunstall is interesting owing to its association with many personages well-known in the county. Oswald, a Saxon, owned it during the reign of Edward the Confessor, but William the Norman handed it over to Odo, Bishop of Baieux, with other vast possessions, and subsequently it reached the hands of Sir Alexander Arfic, the valiant knight who distinguished himself in Normandy. Later we find the unfortunate Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, the owner of the manor of Tunstall, a man who spent his life alternately in disgrace or in the favour of his sovereign. One Stephen de Cobeham also possessed this place and he, it is recorded, was very exacting in his rights, "the gallows, pillory and tumbrill" being his special possessions, and no doubt used at his behest when men and women got into trouble. A man to be feared. He once made a fuss because his tenants failed to supply him with sufficient bread and ale. Short work was made of them—a few days in the pillory. Next we come to Sir Walter Manny, knighted by Edward the Third and a great admiral, one of his exploits being the attack upon the coast of France, when he "killed a thousand soldiers and burned down three hundred villages." He also distinguished himself at the Battle of Cressy and the taking of Calais, and founded the religious house of Carthusians.

Another owner of the manor was the young Earl of March, who was killed in a tournament at Woodstock and was described as "a perfect young Knight of the lists, daring, gay and beloved of the Court, and whose death was mourned even by the Knight who killed him." He was the poet's ideal young gallant and many a song was sung in his praises, "and many a lady's heart he broke." Dipping still further into the past we find that another lord of the manor of Tunstall was William Cromer, Sheriff of Kent, whom Jack Cade

ordered to be beheaded in London at the same time as Lord Say and Seal, and their heads were carried through the streets and fixed on spikes on London Bridge. The Cromers retained possession of Tunstall for many generations and one of them partly built a mansion close to the church. The unfinished building was purchased during the reign of James the First by Sir Robert Viner and used in the building of his house in Lombard Street, London. The Tunstall mansion stood by the road leading to Wormshill and opposite Woodstock. The portions of the old cellars which remained became infested with beggars and thieves and at last the terror-stricken villagers besought the aid of the military authorities, who blew up the cellars with gunpowder. Locally the place is called The Ruins and it is interesting to find references to them in place names:—Ruins Barnfield, Ruins Rough and Ruins Hops. Two bits of the old walls are left, one close up against the roadway and the other in a meadow, the latter having been heightened with modern bricks to act as a shelter for the sheep. These old walls were built of flint and Tudor bricks. Over the uneven ground grass has now grown, but close at hand are trenches dug by the troops during the Great War. On the other side is a small shave, as we call it in Kent, and in connection with this spot a strange story is told. In 1738 while a boy was playing in this wood he found a hoard of gold pieces. Not knowing their value the youngster filled his pockets with the coins and used them as playthings until a farmer saw them. The boy willingly took the man to the wood, and there they came across the hoard. For a long time the farmer locked up his treasure, until one day he divulged his secret while drinking in the village inn. The news reached London and he was compelled to give up 624 of these golden coins to the Crown. Sir John Hales lay claim to them, not only as lord of the manor but because they had been concealed by one of his ancestors during the Civil War. Hasted, writing in 1782, says “Mrs. Tysoe, wife of the Rev. Mr. Tysoe, vicar of Bredgar, well remembered the hiding of these pieces immediately after the defeat at Maidstone in 1648, she being then visiting Sir John Hales’s house. She said, too, that a large quantity of jewels was deposited in the same wood, then called The Gascoigne Walk, but though these have been sought for, it has hitherto been without success.”

Sir John Hales, baronet, a subsequent owner of the manor, built Hales Place, near Canterbury, and was one of the three courtiers who accompanied James the Second when that monarch fled from London

but was captured off Faversham. Sir John, after suffering imprisonment, joined his king in France and was made Earl of Tenterden and Viscount Tunstall. The Hales became well-known in Kent, one of them living at Harlackenden, Woodchurch, but the most remarkable member of the family was one Sir John Hales, who led the life of a recluse at Hales Place, Canterbury, and allowed his estate to go to ruin. He lived entirely alone and every day let down a basket from a window to an old man who lived in a cottage close by. This retainer went shopping and filled the basket with food. The stewards of the estate took the rents of tenants to the house, but the occupant would never see them personally and more often than not left the bags of coins on the doorstep. His wealth accumulated and yet he allowed his son and heir to die in the debtors' prison at Canterbury for debts that he could have paid a thousandfold. It is a sorry story, ending with tragedy. The retainer who was wont to do Sir John Hales' marketing became alarmed when days passed and the basket did not appear, and upon the house being broken into the body of the recluse was found lying on a bed. He had been dead several days. I shall have more to say about the Hales family when we visit the church and look at their monuments.

From what I have written I think we can conclude that no village in Kent can boast of having more notorious lords of the manor than those of Tunstall, and if we give our imagination sufficient scope we can picture the thousands of men and women of many ages, different in customs, different in the accent of our language, and different in dress who have passed along the same roads and have looked up at the same church that we are gazing at to-day. And among them was Queen Elizabeth, who stayed here one night in 1573, and, as was her wont, cost the gentry of the neighbourhood "much money in the entertainment of Her Majesty and retinue." Also James the First came to Tunstall.

The church of St. John the Baptist stands prominently on a slight ascent, wreathed by trees of variety and all allowed to grow with the freedom that accentuates their beautiful proportions. The church itself is built mainly of flint, spoilt, however, by the brick chapel erected in the seventeenth century. Signs of restoration are everywhere, but some of the windows retain their original mullions. One remarkable feature is a stone string-course all round the building, or rather that part which is built of flint, and this string-course rises over a doorway in the north wall, now blocked up. The new upper part of

the tower was copied from Ospringe church, similar in shape and entirely different from the square tower which existed until 1850; neither is in character with the rest of the building. The parapet is plain and the roof of saddle-back shape. The only attractive features of the tower are the semi-circular stair turret, and the west doorway surmounted by an ogeed head and crockets. The original tower was square, with moulded parapet and no buttresses. The west doorway is of the fourteenth century period, and in good preservation with the exception of the battered corbels. The porch, also of the fourteenth century, is on the south side and lighted by two slits. The inner doorway is boldly moulded, with the heads of a king and a queen carved as corbels. But a great treasure of the church is the heavy old door with its grille and shutters. Through this spy hole the custodian could see anyone in the porch. Until the restoration in 1854 many of the windows had been reduced to wooden frames in place of the old masonry.

The interior of Tunstall church is impressive, owing to a full view of the chancel with its beautiful choir stalls, while the coloured glass of the windows sheds a warm glow into the nave, chancel and aisles. Its general atmosphere is one of warmth owing to the large quantity of woodwork—the oak pulpit, the large organ standing within the nave and the choir stalls. A remarkable effect is produced by the aisle pews being placed at right angles to the east. The chancel arch, of the fourteenth century, is plain and narrow and springs from some distance up the walls. The pointed tower arch, now hidden by the organ, rises from octagonal piers and is also of fourteenth century date, but two of the arches leading from the aisle and chancel into the chapel were built a hundred years later. The two arches leading from the chancel to the chapel are dis-similar and there is a probability that one of them—low and square headed in shape—was connected with the altar tomb of Sir James Cromer which was removed to Canterbury. Beneath these arches is a screen. The arcades of the nave consist of four bays on each side, on octagonal pillars. The oldest part is the chancel, of the thirteenth century, and here you find some of the original lancet windows. The coved ceilings of both nave and chancel are distinctive in style, divided into panels, and supported by corbels, those in the nave representing angels holding shields. The arcades dividing the nave from the aisles date back to the fourteenth century; the arches are tall, with slender piers. Other features to notice are a double piscina with central shaft of Norman date in the



chancel, an aumbry, and a boldly moulded string-course around the aisles and cancel. On a wall in the Hales Chapel are gauntlets and a helmet.

There are two brasses containing effigies. One figure represents a priest, Sir Ralph Wulf, rector, who died in 1525; he stands with hands uplifted in prayer. The second brass represents a lady dressed in hood, ruff and embroidered gown, the date being 1590, but owing to the loss of the inscription her identity remains unknown. A mouth scroll bears the words, "I prayed and my prayer was granted." There is also a brass scroll, dated 1450, but the figure is missing. Glynne, writing in 1877, says there was a brass to Margaret, wife of John Ryclys, the date being 1496. Three plain brasses merely contain inscriptions—to Margaret, widow of John Ryclys, who died in 1496; to Henry Guyldeford, captain of Archcliffe Fort, Dover, 1595; and to Christ. Webbe. B.D., president of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1610. There is a modern brass in the chancel to the memory of Thomas Pennington, patron of Kingsdown and rector of Tunstall, who died in 1802, and also to his sons, Thomas, Montague and James.

The windows in the church are mainly Decorated and Perpendicular, but there are three lancets in the northern wall of the chancel and another, unglazed, leading from the chancel to the south chapel.

At one time Tunstall Church was famous for some beautiful stained glass windows which were in existence a hundred years ago, although broken and defaced. At the restoration of the church, however, all this valuable glass was removed and broken up! At the present time there are several modern windows. In the north aisle is one coloured to the memory of Augusta Jane, wife of George Webb, who died in 1898; another to Edward Homewood, who died in 1887; and a third to the Rev. Maxwell Twopenny, who died in 1898, and the members of his family. In the south aisle is a stained glass window to William Murton and George Webb, both of whom lived at Tunstall House, the former dying in 1876 and the latter in 1899.

On the walls are several mural tablets. In the chancel is one to the memory of Andrew Hawes Bradley, of Gore Court, who died in 1820, and his wife who died in 1842. An inscription states that by Royal Letters Patent the deceased in the year 1800 assumed his wife's maiden name of Bradley instead of his paternal one of Dyne, under which he inherited estates in this country, which have for some centuries belonged to that family. Other tablets in the chancel are to James Bradley, Commander, R.N., who died in 1829, and Richard Grove,

who died in 1791. Also to George Bridges Moore, forty-eight years rector of the parish who died in 1885, and his wife who died in 1851. In the north aisle are tablets to the Rev. Edward Twopeny who died in 1872; to Sir Samuel Chambers and his wife, who died in 1843 and 1842 respectively; to Jacob Roper Chambers, 1814; and another to William Twopeny and his wife, who died in 1826 and 1822. Also to Francis Law and his wife and son, all of whom died before him. In the south aisle are tablets to the memory of William Murton, of Tunstall House, who died in 1831, and his daughter, Mrs. William Webb, who died in 1824. Another to his daughter, Eliza, who died in 1864, his son William who died in 1876, and his nephew, George, who died in 1899. Also in the south aisle is a tablet to the memory of John and Catherine Grove, who died in 1850 and 1853.

The War Memorial is beautiful in its colouring and design; carved figures represent the Crucifixion with the two Marys looking up at Christ, and folding doors are placed in front of the cabinet. The names of the Tunstall heroes are inscribed as follow: Lieutenant George Doubleday, R.N.R., D.S.C., L.-Corpl. James Arter, Sapper George Gaunt, Pte. Walter Slarks, Pte. Frederick Edwards, Cpl. Frank Pollard, Pte. George Slarks.

Hales Chapel is now turned into a vestry and here are to be seen two notable tombs. One of them is made of alabaster with a particularly thick slab, the surface of which has been deeply cut by mischievous people with dates and initials. These extend from 1670 to 1885, and judging from the condition of the alabaster this slab must at one time have stood outdoors, and at the mercy of the lads of the village who wished to immortalise themselves. This altar tomb has panelled sides each containing a plain shield suspended from a projecting rose. Close by is another altar tomb in marble, the life-sized figure of a man lying on his side and supporting his head with his hand. He is clad in armour and the tomb contains this inscription:—

“Here lyeth Sir Edward Hales, of Tunstall, in the county of Kent, Knight and Baronet, who dyed the sixth of October, 1654, in the Seaventy eight yeare of his age.”

This is the Sir Edward Hales who built several houses in Tunstall. In the chapel can be seen the dismantled pieces of a monument which was erected to the memory of Sir James Cromer, who was twice married, and his second wife survived him and married Sir Edward

Hales, whose monument and recumbent effigy I have already mentioned. Some years ago this monument was dismantled and the parts were taken to Hales Place at Canterbury with the view to having them erected there, but for some unaccountable reason this project was never carried out and the various parts of the tomb lay about for many years. Then came a day when it was decided to return the monument to Tunstall church and there the parts lie to-day with the probability that at one time it will be re-erected. It contains two coloured figures representing Sir James Cromer and his wife kneeling and their daughters. The large window in the south wall of the Hales Chapel was once blocked up, but Lieutenant-Colonel Lumley Webb had it opened up. Under it stood the Cromer tomb, afterwards dismantled.

In the Hales and Cromer pedigrees there is this entry: "William Cromer in 1450 was put to death by Jack Cade; he had married Eliza, daughter of Lord Say and Seal, who was also massacred in Cheapside; she afterward married Alexander Iden, of Westwell, who slew the rebel Cade."

In 1843 six new bells, made by Thomas Mears, took the place of a five-bell peal of greater age, their dates being 1573, 1596, 1600, 1630 and 1702. Two new bells were added in 1923 through generosity of Mr. C. E. Homewood, of Ufton Court. The church clock was also given by Mr. Homewood in 1913.

The church plate consists of a silver chalice, dated 1670; a silver paten inscribed, "The gift of Mrs. Ann Mores"; a silver alms-plate, inscribed "The gift of Edward Mores, clerk, Rector of this Parish (hall mark 1723)"; and a flagon of silver with the following inscription: "The gift of Edward Mores, clerk, Rector of this Parish, at the Desire and by the Direction of the most hond. and pious mother, Mrs. Ann Mores, who passed from the State of Grace to that of Glory, January 5th, 1724-5." Edward Mores held the living from 1711 to 1740, and was the father of Edward Rowe Mores, the antiquary, who wrote a history of Tunstall. There is also a silver-gilt chalice inscribed, "St. John the Baptist, Tunstall. Thank-offering of Lumley and Mabel Webb, Easter, 1908."

Edward Rowe Mores was born at Tunstall Rectory in 1730 and wrote several learned works on antiquarian subjects, but towards the close of his life he gave way to dissipation and died at the age of forty-eight. A copy of his history of Tunstall can still be seen in the church.

Mr. C. E. Homewood, of Upton Court, has in his possession the model of the church before restoration, constructed by himself out of bottle corks. His effort is wonderful, especially in regard to the smallest detail, such as the tracery of the mullioned windows. Here we see the original square tower, unspoilt by the present upper part; also is revealed the old flat roof of the square porch which was raised and pointed when the alterations were carried out.

Let us now stroll through the village. Close to the church is a collection of buildings, some modern and some old, among them a row of red brick cottages with thatched roofs and an oast house at one end. Near by is a range of buildings in flint and brick, with the date of 1846 on a tablet over a doorway. These buildings were purchased in 1887 by the three children of the Rev. George Bridges Moore, who was rector of Tunstall for forty-eight years, and handed over to the parish as a tribute to their father's memory. They consist of a school in the centre, with a house on either side, in one of which the teacher resides. Across the road is a yellow brick parish hall erected and endowed in 1922 by Mr. C. E. Homewood as a war memorial. We miss the usual general shop of the village, for there is none; neither is there an inn nor a post office. Opposite the church is the large rectory, and at the edge of the front garden stands one of the tallest cedars in England. Here lived the Rev. G. B. Moore, who was thrice married and added two wings to the house.

The whole of the village street is sheltered by choice trees, and not only trees, for majestic shrubs also rise from gardens close to the roadway—a greater variety than I have ever seen in a village street, all revelling in luxurious growth—firs and other conifers, poplars, chestnuts and beech.

The village is beautified by two seventeenth century houses built during the lifetime of Sir Edward Hales, who died in 1654. He erected for himself a residence at Grove End, and another one for his son—the house that now goes by the name of Hales House. The other residence in the village is Tunstall House, said to have been built by Sir Edward Hales' steward named John Grove.

Hales House, the residence of Mr. Wills, stands in a delightful spot at the bottom of a hill leading from the church, and in front of it is the village pond, now bricked in but once surrounded by rough banks. It is recorded in an old magazine dated 1799 that a certain highwayman who had caused consternation in the district for many years ended his adventurous career "in the pond of Tunstall."



“While being chased by soldiers, he galloped his horse down the hill into the pond, where he was captured. His horse, with two legs broken, was killed on the spot. Master Gray was hung on the gallows. Several years afterwards a bag of gold pieces was found at the bottom of the pond, fallen from the highwayman’s pocket.” So even this little bit of water opposite Hales House reveals its romance.

Hales House has been added to on one side, but the charming old square porch, with its two upper chambers, one of which was probably used as a powder room, remains in all its original beauty. The old lead light windows have given place to modern wood and glass, but, in addition to the porch, the features of the house are the pointed gable facing the front and a wonderful chimney fed by no less than five flues. Modern alterations have been made inside, with partitions and ceilings, but from the porch you enter the old square hall, with its open fireplace. The upper newel of the staircase, blackened with age, still stands, cross oak beams that support the upper floors are still exposed and upstairs are the old rafters and beams of the timbered roof.

Tunstall House actually stands in the village street, and through its gateway of mellow brickwork we get a peep of the path that leads through trim lawns and flower beds to the porch, which is almost in the centre of the building—the square porch of the Stuart period, with two chambers above. The house itself is long, built entirely of red brick, and of two storeys, the higher of which is built in the roof and lighted by large dormer windows. Originally, the lower windows were arched, but these arches have been filled in with brick, and the old mullioned windows have given place to modern wooden ones. The metal-bolted front door remains and at the back of the house are doors of similar age. At right angles with the long front are wings, but judging from the timbers of the roof the main building was narrow. It is suggested that parts of the house are modern, but the bricks of all the walls indicate that the whole structure was erected at the same time, 1630. John Grove, who built it, died in 1678. It came into the possession of the Hales, and subsequent tenants or owners were the well-known Murton and Webb families. It is now the property of Lieutenant-Colonel Lumley Webb, who resides in it. The interior is typical of the style of a country house during the days of the Stuarts. The principal rooms, both upstairs and downstairs as well as the hall, are completely panelled and the cross-beams are massive and highly finished, with no rough adze-cut

edges. All the ceilings are plain, quite free from embellishment. The hall is large and out of it rises a beautiful square staircase in the centre of the building. The oak floor of the hall came from Blean Woods. The drawing-room has handsome cross-beams of crenellated pattern and the mantel-piece is elegantly ornamented with carved wooden scroll work. Ancient blocked-up fire-places have been recently opened up and restored to their original condition.

Along the Bredgar road is Sir Edward Hales' original residence now known as Grove End House. If we may judge by what is left of the old timber frame it must have been erected earlier than either Tunstall House or Hales House. There is evidence that it was a large building of the late timber period, but the whole structure has been renovated and altered to such an extent that only a very small portion of the original part can be seen, and here we find the projecting beam-ends very much the worse for wear. A brand new brick front has been built, as well as an entirely new wing of the same material. The interior has been divided by many partitions, but in one room can still be seen the original panelling extending from the floor to the ceiling, but, unfortunately, painted white. A reminder of the original house can be seen in the newel of the upper part of the staircase somewhat crudely carved. The solid steps are also in existence. Massive is the beam in the kitchen, and the scullery possesses the ancient stone floor. It was in a large room above the kitchen that Queen Elizabeth is supposed to have slept. Grove End House is now the property of the Kent County Council and here experimental farming is carried out in connection with the Farm Institute at Borden.

Standing in peaceful seclusion and approached from the highway by a road across meadows on one side and Gore Court park on the other, is Ufton Court, a manor dating back to the dim past. For we know that it was the property of Sir Robert de Shurland, the famous Sheppey knight, during the reign of Edward the First. Then came the Cheneys, who were descended by marriage from the Shurlands and, also by marriage, the property became part of the huge Kentish estate of the Harlackdens, whose principal residence was at Woodchurch. Ufton Court is now the property of Mr. Charles Edward Homewood, who was born here and is eighty-seven years of age and has proved himself a great and generous benefactor to his native village. The present house must have taken the place of an older one, and it was greatly improved by Mr. Homewood's father, the late Mr. Charles Homewood. An additional wing has been added but without

spoiling the old-world effect. Out of the garden grounds rise tall shrubs and trees, especially a fine pine, planted when the present owner was a child. Mr. Homewood beautified the place by walling-in the garden and introduced a novel mode of saving a fine yew from destruction—a method that might be adopted elsewhere. It was necessary to erect the wall where the tree stood, but it was built around the old giant in circular form. The result is that the wall, in the form of a turret, adds to the charm of the scene.

Woodstock Park is a charming spot revelling in a wealth of beautiful trees. It is the residence of Captain Gilliatt—a building of brick, with a flat front and plain in style, of the Georgian period. The history of Woodstock dates back to many centuries ago, when it was known as Pistock, the name having been changed about a hundred years ago. An ancient manor, it belonged to one William Robesart during the reign of Edward the Fourth, who gave it to the Benedictine Nunnery of Minster-in-Sheppey. When Henry the Eighth dissolved this nunnery that monarch presented the estate to Sir Thomas Cheney, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. This Kentish family came upon bad times through heavy gambling by one of its members and the estate was sold to a Thornhill. Other owners were the Tongs, Hayters, Chambers and Twopenys, and the Earl of Westmoreland. Abraham Chambers, in the reign of George the Third, about 1780, demolished the old house and built the present on a site a few hundred yards to the north-west. All outward trace of the mansion has disappeared, but many of the foundations have been discovered at various times. Woodstock Park with its gorgeous beeches and walnut trees, was once famous as the habitation of white squirrels and the villagers of Tunstall dare not walk there after sunset, lest a white squirrel should cross their path—a presage of bad luck. No white squirrels are to be seen there now-a-days, and the park is a charming place to select for a walk, either before or after sunset. In ancient days, when Woodstock was known as Pistock, it must have been the favourite haunt of magpies as well as squirrels, for the old name means “the abode of magpies.”

The neighbourhood of Tunstall was a hot-bed of revolt during all Civil Wars and Wat Tyler found many adherents here. Most of Tyler's followers dispersed after his death, but for several weeks the whole country was in a state of turmoil owing to attacks upon Royalists by insurgents. It is recorded, for instance, that a man named John Smyth, of Tunstall, was one of the “multitude of the enemies of our

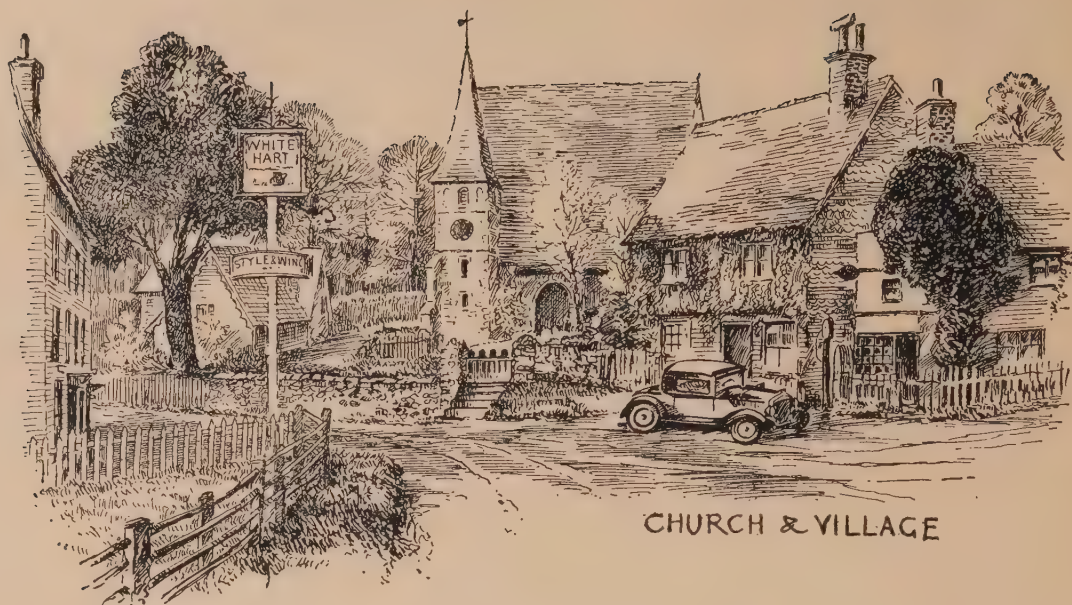
Lord the King, who broke upon the house of John Tebbe and others at Canterbury " and killed him. During their attack upon the city on this June day in 1381 the mob murdered citizens, burned and plundered their houses and set free prisoners confined in the Castle and Town Hall. John Smyth was one of the rebels who were caught and he suffered the death penalty.

I heard a good story about a Tunstall parson who came out second best in a contest with one of the farmers in his parish. The feud had arisen between the incumbent and his flock in the days when tithe was paid in kind and the former constantly complained of the quality of the live stock brought to the barn. One farmer could stand the disparaging remarks no longer, so he appeared one day at the clergyman's house and entered a room in which the parson and his family were seated. In his arm he held a parcel covered by a cloth; this he suddenly removed and into the room flew hundreds of infuriated bees. "Take your tenth part of my best hive," he exclaimed and, turning hurriedly towards the door, slammed it and strode away!

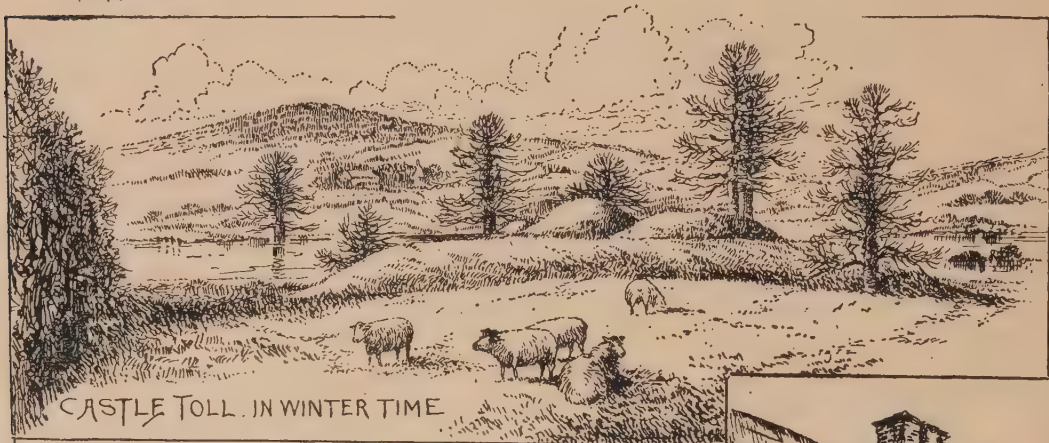




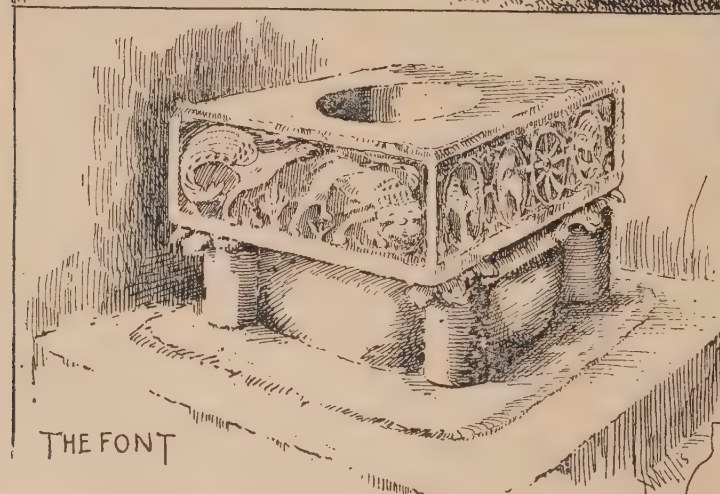




CHURCH & VILLAGE



CASTLE TOLL. IN WINTER TIME



THE FONT



AT THE  
OLD HARBOUR MASTERS HOUSE

# NEWENDEN

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ROAM about Kent and you will be astonished to find little places hidden away "far from the madding crowd," and, in these days of arterial roads and rapid travelling, quite unknown. Yet they simply teem with historical associations of the past. To-day they are but hamlets, centuries ago they were centres of importance when the big pompous towns and cities of the present time were unknown and their sites a mere waste of uncultivated land.

Newenden is one of those villages with history behind it, history dating so far back that it enthrals one to think of what happened when victorious Romans landed on the river banks, drove away the natives and built their famous city of Anderida here. And even now, nearly two thousand years afterwards, this obscure village of Newenden possesses perceptible evidence of its ancient glory, but not quite as far back as the time when it was known as Meching, which, in Saxon phraseology meant "The Field of the Sword."

But let us go back into the past, to the days when Cæsar's army deemed it necessary to build and fortify certain parts of the conquered country, specially attributing great importance to a site just outside the borders of the vast Kent forest, in which an enemy could hide itself, either for offensive or defensive purposes. And they chose the spot where Newenden now stands, built a city and surrounded it with earthworks or fortifications, the remains of which we see to-day. Some of the old historians have selected Pevensey as the site of Anderida; others Newenden. And it is quite possible that both may be right. But long quotations from old books are not in my line. Old authorities I must of necessity read and draw my own conclusions, and my readers can accept them for what they are worth.

Briefly, I agree with Harris who wrote his history of Kent in 1719—that here in this retired little village, scarcely a hamlet in size, we find the spot which was once a busy Roman city, with its thousands of civilians, its brass-helmeted Legionaries and its expanding agricultural population, who felled giant trees and made clearings in the adjacent forest and reclaimed the land for the produce of corn and fruit. Then followed the departure of the Romans, leaving the Britons to the mercy of the Saxon, or the homogeneous collection of bandit warriors who, led by Hengist, the self-styled first King of the Saxons, ravaged the country and paid special attention to Anderida, now populated by Britons. He, with the help of his countryman Ella, made a headstrong attack upon the place, but the Britons, taking advantage of the powerful fortifications left by the Romans, put up a superb defence. The attack utterly failed—time after time. Then started the famous siege, and for a long time the Britons, protected on one side by the River Rother, and on the other by marshes and earthworks, resisted attack. But numbers won in the end and in the year 488 the Saxons, reckless and desperate, delivered an onslaught which won through, and every man, woman and child within the city was put to the sword. Not only that; Hengist razed Anderida to the ground and it lay in ruins until Edward the First rebuilt it. But even that second city, or probably a small town, has gone, yet if you roam about the pastures that surround Newenden to-day, look down at the river which was once wide and deep enough to navigate, and let your thoughts visualise the past, when Britons died in the last ditches which we can see at our feet—then, I say, you must be utterly devoid of sentiment if you do not look upon this strip of God's earth as hallowed ground. Luckily the remnants of those Roman fortifications are visible and you find them near Lossenham, the modern residence of Mr. Harold Tuke.

Lossenham Manor lies along the Rye road almost parallel with the river Rother. It is one of the ancient manors and the original house no doubt stood here five or six centuries ago. In 1666, as we gather from the date engraved on a stone near the entrance, a brick and timber building was erected and only one part of this can be distinguished under the roofs of the many additions of more recent years. The front was erected during the latter end of the last century and makes the residence appear quite modern, but if you go towards the back you will see traces of age, especially in a heavy beam



inserted in the outer brick walls. From one of the gables hangs a big bell under a wooden canopy, a bell that is said to have come from a ship wrecked off Rye.

The ancient earthworks, almost world famous, lie about three-quarters of a mile in a westerly direction from Lossenham Manor, hidden amongst the pastures and some distance from the main road, and therefore passed again and again by those who would revel in the spectacle did they but know it was so close at hand. Earthwork fortifications will always lead to much controversy, but my own belief is that although at times there are obvious reasons for distinguishing Roman and Saxon work, a vantage spot such as the site of Castle Toll at Newenden would have been used far back in the distant centuries, even when there were feuds between the natives of Britain previous to the advent of the Romans or any other Continental invaders. Practically it was the only means of defence against river or forest attack.

The old camp of fortifications at Newenden lies in a sort of triangle formed by the junction of the River Rother and the River Hexden and occupies some eighteen acres of land. Its position would naturally make it triangular in shape and around it was a moat, still discernible in many places, but tillage and other causes have caused many portions to be filled in. In one corner is the site known as Castle Toll, two big mounds standing close together and another mound almost as high close by, while some distance off are additional hillocks used for outer fortifications. The three big mounds are now honeycombed by rabbit holes, but the grass grows quite rich over the raised earth, which was evidently brought here by the hand of man. There is no gravel in the vicinity, but gravel has been found in these mounds. It is on record that the mounds had sunk considerably in the seventeenth century, but one would imagine that they have now reached a height that will remain. It is also probable that the moat may have been filled up by cultivators of the soil, the material being taken from the mounds. This is the centre of the spot which has been selected as the site of the City of Anderida, which I have already mentioned.

A Carmelite Priory once stood on the Lossenham estate, but no indication of the fact remains to-day, with the exception of the names of three orchards which lie adjacent to the house. One is known as Chapel Orchard, another Kitchen Orchard, and a piece of pasture as Friar's Field. This Priory was founded by Sir Thomas FitzAucher in 1241 and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It remained in existence

until the reign of King Henry the Eighth, when it was dissolved in common with other religious houses. Whether the Priory itself was immediately demolished may be merely a matter of speculation, but there is no doubt that some buildings were left, as we read that Henry the Eighth let the site to William Colepepper, of Hunton. In the documents mention is made of "all houses, buildings and lands lying within the site of this house," which would indicate that only the site remained. In 1558 the property, which extended to sixteen acres, was bought by Richard Lake and subsequent owners were the Selmes, and others who have held Lossenham.

In tracing the history of Lossenham Manor we must go back to the days when the family of FitzAucher owned much land in this part of Kent, as well as in other parts of England. They were descended from the fifth Earl of Kent, eminent in history for the bravery he displayed against the Danes in 853. Edward the First used Lossenham as a hunting seat, happily situated just outside the forest then full of wild boar. During the reign of several monarchs the FitzAuchers held important offices and it is stated that one of them who was a valet, or what we should call now a gentleman-of-the-chamber, to King Edward the Second, made a vow that he would not cut his beard till he had travelled to a certain distant place beyond the sea. In those days Templars were identified by their long beards and Peter Aucher, fearing that he might be mistaken for a Templar during his journeying, obtained from the King a letter certifying that he was a royal valet. The Auchers appear to have owned Lossenham until it was carried in marriage to Walter Colepepper, of Bedgebury, whose bride was an Aucher. In 1628, Sir John Colepepper sold the estate to Adrian Moore and it was he who built the house. A member of the Bishop family, well-known at Tenterden, purchased the place in 1702 and from them it went to the Selmes and the Bates, and is now the property of Mr. Harold Tuke.

The village—or that part of it near the church—is charmingly situated with a slight bend at its centre, along the road leading from Tenterden to Rye. Dropping down the hill along the Tenterden road you are suddenly faced by the western wall of the church; then the road widens out, and the grey tones of Kentish rag give way to a flash of bright colouring, the necessary glory of present day scenery—the red, yellow, blue and green of the petrol pump. But the hostelry known as the White Hart on the opposite side of the way is not to be

outdone in brilliancy, for its signboard is painted in elegant colours, green and gold. Not half a dozen houses. Yet a village! Within hail of the church is the hotel, and, opposite, stand the schools erected in 1838 from money left by Samuel Bishop, of Lossenham; then comes the combined Post Office and general shop with a small window displaying its wares, and close by an ivyclad building at the corner which once did duty as a toll-house, and has now been claimed as an appendage to the motor industry. The most conspicuous place is the White Hart, a typical specimen of the weather-boarding buildings which have acted up to their name, for, although local bye-laws preclude this old type of material, all over the Weald of Kent the wooden house has held its own against wind and rain, and even the frost which crumbles the mortar of the usually ugly red-brick, of which the local authorities of to-day are so proud. Behind the White Hart is a small disused oasthouse. Hops are still cultivated by Mr. Harold Tuke, but they are dried in oasthouses at Sandhurst.

Along the Rye road which runs parallel with the River Rother is a building which at once attracts your attention, owing to the charm of the centre portion, obviously of the Tudor period. It is now called the Manor house, but tradition has it that when the River Rother was of greater importance in connection with transport there was a definite harbour or series of wharves and an official known as a harbour master lived here. The present owner is Mr. James Selmes, but previous to his taking possession considerable alterations were made in the house, while he himself has made additions. Judging from the interior the building would have been late Tudor and the old beams of the framework are to be seen inside, together with some plain panelling complete in two of the rooms, and an open fireplace. The charm of its outward appearance is the front door, approached by steps, the thatched roof, with a tiny dormer peering out of it above the porch, and lead-light windows. On each side is a modern wing and these take the place of portions of the more extensive Tudor house of by-gone days.

Mr. Selmes possesses in this room several very interesting pictures—one of the old toll-gate of Newenden, and another of the church and Street, showing the old sign of the White Hart. One picture shows the church before the belfry was removed, with a deep crack running down the tower. In this crack Muscovy ducks built their nests in the Spring. When the sexton rang the bell he took the precaution to

stand round the corner, with the rope at an angle, lest the bell fell down. Mr. Selmes has also a fine carp, which, with another, was caught in the Rother early one morning by his brother, and tops the scale at ten pounds, the other weighing eight pounds. A good morning's sport before breakfast!

A few feet beyond the end of the village street is the bridge that spans the River Rother, and as you cross it you find yourself in the county of Sussex. This river in some places is still the boundary line between the two counties, but centuries ago the whole of it was utilised to divide the Kingdom of Kent from the rest. You wonder where the inhabitants, numbering 125 at the time of the last census, live; but if you stroll along the road that runs parallel to the Rother you find quite a number of dwellings, some modern and others old.

The church is charmingly perched upon a mound in the heart of the little cluster of buildings that constitute the village street, and two pathways lead to its doorways in the west and the south. Never was there such a jumble of masonry as we discover by strolling around the building. Windows are blocked, portions of the masonry have been demolished and new portions built, but there is every indication that a larger building stood here in years gone by and that it had a Norman origin. At the south-east angle is the jagged end of an old wall. Perpendicular windows prevail—three in the north wall, two repaired and the third quite new—and the west doorway is of the same period, plainly moulded with turned ends, while when you step inside you see that it takes a different shape and is almost square-headed. Another entrance is on the south side through a porch. Out of this runs a flight of steps which take you to the belfry, with its one bell. The tower, slender and square, with shingled spire, is modern and lighted by two tiny slits, and the clock was placed there by the parishioners to celebrate the coronation of King George the Fifth in 1911. The whole structure is heavily buttressed and the roof is long and sloping in each side. The tower until recently stood at the north-west corner, but the walls began to crack, and for safety's sake another tower was built in the south-west, as we see it to-day, the material of the old one being used in its construction.

Many have been the conjectures as to the form of the original church; nothing definite is known but the simple fact that the registers and other documents which might have been serviceable were consumed in the great fire. We know, however, that the chancel was in ruins



in the year 1701, when the débris was removed, but there it had previously been practically destroyed by the fire before that date or simply allowed to decay is not certain. It has been suggested that an earthquake wrecked the church to a great extent, and only the main inner portion which we find to-day was left intact, the east, north and south walls being rebuilt.

When you enter the church you have no doubt about the changes which must have been made. It is merely the remains—the central part—of a much larger building. The nave was probably longer, the aisles were wider and a chancel extended eastwards. To-day the chancel is missing, and above the altar is a flat wall, relieved by two lancets containing stained glass of doubtful beauty. The north aisle is narrower and less lofty than in early days, and the south aisle has disappeared.

Evidence of a fire can be seen in the southern stone arch of the nave, and this is evidence that a great conflagration destroyed the chancel—and perhaps other parts of the church—many years ago. In 1701 the ruins of the chancel were removed, and the foundations of many a house in the district were made of the material. The underground foundations of the chancel, some thirty feet in length, remain under the grass in the churchyard.

The interior is almost square, with nave, north aisle and tiny south chapel, the nave and aisle being divided by an arcade of two complete pointed arches on octagonal pillars, and a third dying into the east wall. On the south wall of the nave is a wide pointed arch, while another one at its side, and of the same dimensions, has been blocked up. At this point you discern traces of much alteration. The blocked archway is of earlier date than the parvise and the south doorway, as both were pierced after the arch had been blocked up. To reach the little dark chamber over the porch you ascend by spiral steps, and at the top you find a place now in state of decay. Traces of a fresco can be faintly distinguished on the wall. This obscure apartment during the last century was used as a local gaol, the culprits being lodged in the place previous to their removal to a more cheerful cell, for nothing could have been worse than the little ill-lighted chamber in this part of the church. A small square peep-hole from the parvise can be seen in the wall above the porch. The pulpit is of oak and one panel is dated 1639, but there is every indication that the rest of the structure goes back to late Elizabethan days. The carving is excellent. In a

corner is a small place, once used as a chapel, although there is only room for the priest to stand within. Here can be seen part of a stone arch which once carried the south aisle. You enter this little apartment from under a pointed arch on octagonal piers, and underneath is a beautiful specimen of woodwork carved in the fifteenth century. Over the entrance is an arch with decorative carving above; on each side are open spaces with closed panels beneath, and in the cornice are the coloured coats-of-arms of men world-famous and some intimately connected with the history of Newenden. It is probable that this screen stood in front of the old chancel.

There are a few stained glass windows. Two lancets over the altar were erected to the memory of Francis Tress, of Gate Court, Northiam, and his wife, the dates of their death being 1833 and 1859 respectively. The west window was erected to the memory of Lewis Haddock Beryon, and his wife, Harriet Mercer Beryon; he died in 1874 and she in 1875. A deeply splayed window is in the chapel and the coloured glass was placed there in memory of the Rev. John Pughe, who died in 1878, and to his wife, Ann, whose death occurred in 1873. He was rector for twenty-three years.

When the remains of the chancel were removed in 1701 amongst the internal fittings were the beautifully turned balusters of the altar rails. These migrated to the Wesleyan chapel at Woodchurch. When this chapel was rebuilt they were converted into umbrella stands and such-like domestic furniture. When, however, the south chapel of Appledore church was restored about five years ago, search was made for a suitable pattern for the balusters of the altar rails there. On inquiry one solitary baluster of the Newenden set was discovered, and from this, as a pattern, the new balusters were made, being turned out of old oak by a skilful London turner. The original pattern is preserved as the end item of the rails.

The War Memorial contains the names of John Munns, Edwin Heasman, Herbert Heasman, Frederick Heasman, Albert Heasman, Foster Carter, George Roe, Arthur Roe, Charles Weekes, Stephen Chacksfield, James Chacksfield, Sidney Joe Travers, Lewis Thomas Longley, William H. Redpath, Jesse Osborne, William H. Longley, Arthur Millham, Henry Boyce, Frederick Bates, Percy Pierce and Alfred Heasman, all of whom served. To quote the words on the memorial: "These gave their lives"—William Bates, Cecil John Vaughan, Obadiah F. Barnes, Edward U. Morgan, Ronald V. Timmis, Robert Saunders, Thomas Bean, Alfred Wilkins.

I now come to the treasure of Newenden church which has made the place celebrated amongst antiquaries—a magnificent Norman font—or, as some will argue, one of greater age. It is almost square, with a diameter of 3ft. 1in., while its height is 4ft. 6in., including the steps. The metal bowl is supported by a massive central stem, upheld at the corners by shafts with carved capitals in floriated style, while the base contains bold moulding. It is quite plain on one side and this leads one to surmise that it was originally placed against a wall or perhaps a square column. To-day we find it placed against a circular pillar of the arcade. On the three carved friezes are varied designs, with a vast difference in workmanship. Starting on the left side, as you face the pillar, the figures are deeply cut in vigorous style; then, by degrees, the set of four panels is less prominent, while the last, or right-hand part of the frieze deteriorates in an alarming manner. Many are the surmises of archæologists, but I believe that the carver commenced his work with great mental and physical strength and then, as time passed, deteriorated either on account of advancing age or some other cause. It is a subtle point, never to be cleared up, but none the less fascinating.

And now let us delineate the figures. On the west are two large figures, one being the representation of an eagle and the other a lion. In the south are four small panels, one figuré being that of a cock with a man's head, the next a dog, the third a geometrical design and the fourth a serpent with its tail in its mouth, symbolical of Eternity. The third, or eastern, piece of the frieze consists of one long panel, and here we find a diaper design, the interstices being filled with modifications of the *fleur-de-lis*, with a centre resembling a wreath and side-panels containing pear-shaped designs. A replica of this font stands in Rye parish church.

The one bell is dated 1860, and bears the inscriptions: "Give Thanks," and "Sing Praises." The churchwardens' account of April 24th, 1701, contain an item which not only refers to the bells but throws light upon the date when the ruins of the chancel were removed. It is as follows:—"Received for the fees of a Faculty to take down the ruins, selling two of ye bells and removing the rubbish of the Parish Church of Newenden, with the fiat for the passing of ye Faculty at Lambeth, in all £5 17s. 4d., being passed at the Vicar-General Office.—Signed, C. A. Lukin." In the same year we find the following:—"Paid for an order to take down ye ruins of ye Chancel and Steeple and repairing ye Body of ye Church, £5 17s. 4d. Received for ye Bells, £27 10s."

The River Rother, crossed by a bridge at the end of the village was, like the River Stour, much deeper and possibly wider centuries ago and the principal mode of transport was the barge, for we are told that the roads in the Rother valley were so bad that carts and waggons could not pass over them. Referring back to Hasted, who wrote of the Rother about 150 years ago, I find this rather remarkable paragraph: "The water of this river with oken leaves put into it turns blackish and with powder of galls it sparkles and turns like champagne wine." The whole stretch of the River Rother was famous for eels and fishermen made a good living by selling them. They were enormous in size; to-day they are much smaller. Why?

We have come to the end of a saunter through one of the most historic spots in Kent, merely a few scattered houses that form a village which was one of the two Kent towns mentioned in Domesday as possessing a market. The place was probably given the name of Newenden to distinguish it from some older dene. Lambarde says: "You may say either that it is in a valley or on a hill, giving its name the termination of either dune or dene . . . a frontier and marshy town of the shire."







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